

JULY 1942

25 Cents

CHILD LIFE



"UNITED WE STAND!"

Says PUNKYNS

To NEW Subscribers



BOW WOW! I'm Punkyns. Yes, Punkyns the CHILD LIFE pup! One of my duties is to chew up any messy looking manuscripts that the Junior Editors send in; but believe me, I do other things, too. I'm busy all day long.

My kennel is right in the editorial rooms, and boy, do I find out things! That's how I know that the coming issues of CHILD LIFE will be the best ones ever published. Wait a minute, I think I feel a O. K. it was just a little itch.

But, to get back to my story, here's a tip for every boy and girl who doesn't subscribe to CHILD LIFE: If you buy the next six issues of CHILD LIFE on the newsstand they cost you \$1.50, but if you send in the coupon below with only \$1.00, you get the six copies through the mail! And what issues!

I haven't got space to tell you about everything in the six issues, but I can say that every girl will love "THE DOORSTEP BABY," starting in the August issue. Boys will thrill to "THE RIDGE ROAD," in which is featured a sinister house and its occupants.

Sometimes I chase birds. I know I shouldn't, but I just can't help it; however, after hearing the story "ONCE THERE WERE PARAKEETS" read aloud by one of the editors, I've decided that from now on chasing birds is "out." This story comes in the August issue.

I'm always willing to wag my tail for Benjamin Jones. He's a howl, and he'll be tangled up in many weird adventures during these coming months.

You'll miss all these and many more special features unless you either send for a subscription or buy each copy on the newsstand. Tell Mother or Dad it saves 50c to send only \$1.00 now for the next six issues of CHILD LIFE. They cost \$1.50 if bought on the newsstand—and with the 50c you save, you can buy War Stamps. Fill in and mail the attached coupon with only \$1.00. Do it TODAY!

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Enclosed find \$1. Please send me the next six issues of CHILD LIFE, I am a new subscriber.

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Bow Wow! Good-by!

Your playmate,



*My
Paw
Mark*

PUNKYNS



Illustration from *Fredrik Lerner*

Salute to the Flag

DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON

I pledge allegiance to the Flag . . .

More than a banner in the air—
A people's hope is lifted there—
Assurance, evermore our own,
Of freedom where that flag is flown.

and to the Republic for which it stands,

The thirteen stripes of red and white
Tell how one purpose could unite
Those first to come within our gates
Into a real United States.

one nation indivisible,

This field of stars of white on blue
Counts other states which joined those few,
And merging miles, and faith, and skill,
Made a strong nation stronger still.

with liberty and justice for ALL.

Now, for a whole war-shaken world
Our flag's bright promise is unfurled.
A pledge, a challenge, that shall stand
Till Justice dwells in every land.

CHILD LIFE GOOD CITIZENS' LEAGUE



Conducted by
MARION LeBRON

FOURTH of July this year will be different from other Fourths we have known. Many of our fathers, mothers, older brothers, and sisters may be very busy with war work. Perhaps some members of our families will be far away at the front or at training camps. And most of us will be having our own patriotic duties, too.

But let's remember in some very special way the day and what it means. Let's celebrate it, if we can, in some pleasant but simple manner that will not use up automobile tires or other valuable materials nor the time of grownups whose efforts are needed for the war.

For on this Fourth of July there is just one thing we really want, and that is to push ahead to victory as fast as possible. More important than what we do on the Fourth is what we are doing on every other day—saving food, cloth, paper, metal, and rubber, and holding back on our spending. It seems strange that some of the best war work children can do is to go without many things they have been used to. But we're glad to do anything that will help us on to victory.

I wonder what the brave men who signed the Declaration of In-



"Our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor"

dependence one hundred and sixty-six years ago would think if they could know what is going on today. They dreamed of a land in which all men would have the right to govern themselves and be free and happy. For the defense of these rights they pledged their "lives, fortunes, and sacred honor." Now we are defending these rights again. After all these one hundred and sixty-six years, have we made no progress toward keeping these rights without having to go to war for them over and over again?

Here is one way to answer that

question. One hundred and sixty-six years ago we fought alone. Today we are one of twenty-six nations, fighting side by side. Twenty-six nations all with one purpose—to survive as free, self-governing units. Even as I write, other nations may be joining with us in this stand for democracy. And perhaps when the war is won, a new "declaration" will be written and signed by us all. Perhaps all the people of the United Nations will pledge their "lives, fortunes, and sacred honor" to protect the rights of free men everywhere and for all time.

To work out such a plan would take years. It took more than ten years after the Declaration of Independence had been written to do the planning necessary to establish our present Government under our present Constitution. It was fifteen years after the first ringing of the Liberty Bell before the Bill of Rights was added to the Constitution, clearing up some important issues. Add ten years or fifteen years to your own age and you will see that if it takes a considerable time to end this war and to plan a future course for the United Nations, you will be young men and women when a plan for lasting peace is being established. Think of it! You will be the ones who will help to shape that plan and make it work! You, the citizens of the future, [continued on page 323]



WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

FOR VICTORY

We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. . . .

From the *Declaration of Independence* adopted by the Continental Congress in Philadelphia on July 4, 1776



WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

FOR VICTORY

CHILD LIFE

Volume XII

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Number VII

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CLAYTON H. ERNST, President, Child Life, Inc., 729 Dearborn St., Boston, Mass.

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Drawing by Eloise Wilkin for "The Doorstep Baby"

Next Month...

A real, live charming baby! That's what Joyce and Ann discovered on their doorstep! Whose baby? And what to do? "The Doorstep Baby," by RUTH DAGGETT LEINHESSEN, is an enchanting tale in two parts.

"The Hotel Mystery," our long serial by MARTHA KING, is almost at its end. In August enough clues have come in so that some of you may guess the secret.

The new picture story, "The Saddlebag Mystery," takes the High Flyers into the old barn on Mr. Sudiller's lot where puzzling things begin to happen.

Short Stories

Short stories, lots of them. In "The Ridge Road," by ELIZABETH COATSWORKS, George Messenger and his father, traveling in their peddler's cart, seek shelter at night in a lonely house. But robbers live there. How can they escape? It is George who finds a way.

"The First of Sixty-Two," by ELIZABETH ENRIGHT, tells of a long happy day shared by two girls out in the pastures and meadows.

In "Once There Were Parakeets," by ELEANOR HOFFMANN, we come to know Stephen, his beautiful pet bird, Aladdin, and also the neighboring wild parakeets that were being killed by cruel hunters.

Then there's "Farmer in the Canal," by LAVINIA DAVID, which features canal boats, a flood, and a daring rescue. "The Strange Adventure of the Little House," by RACHEL M. VABLE, tells about Jimmy, his grandmother, and a house that went traveling. PAUL GILBERT'S Bertman is back again with a new pet. And what a pet! And Benjamin Jones gets shipwrecked and proves to be even smarter than Robinson Crusoe.

You'll laugh over the kitebeast, who goes hunting through the jungle for the solitary snoo. LAURA E. REICHARDT, beloved author of Captain January and a host of other favorite books, wrote the poem and ROBERT LAWSON, who made the famous pictures of Ferdinand the Bull, drew the unusual and colorful decorations.

Things to Do

The departments will delight you this month. Such good books for summer reading, suggested by LENA BARKSDALE. Directions by NINA JOEDAN for making the cunningest kind of dolls out of the fingers of discarded gloves. VIRGINIA VALE tells you about some grand new movies. A fine fashion spread by AGNES PHILLIPS has an extra page featuring costume jewelry. VERA McCULLY tells you how to make some pretty necklaces from seeds and other interesting things out of nature's storehouse. The Good Citizens' League gives advice for taking care of younger brothers or sisters when mothers are busy with war work. LUCY MALTBY gives suggestions for a summer party with delicious summer refreshments.

The puzzles department features a HANS KREIS hidden-picture puzzle; and fifteen or twenty other puzzle features that will interest the whole family.

Artists who have made particularly attractive drawings for this issue are ELOISE WILKIN, CLEVELAND L. WOODWARD, PAUL PROKOFIEV, ALEXANDER KEY, DOROTHY BATLEY, VERA NEVILLE, and KEITH WARD.



Pictures by L. B. Hazelton

Freedom COMES AGAIN

A Fourth of July Story

long-drawn, tussing "C-r-aw- - kl!" "Cut out the comic stuff!" Hal told the hirsute doyle as he followed his sister down to the house. But all the Jap did was curl bright eye at the departing father and make a seering sound like pulling corks.

They found their father waiting for them in the sunny kitchen. "Before we spend the fifty dollars our week-end in Seattle will cost us, here's something we'd better do some straight, hard thinking about." Then he began to read. The circular

letter was from the local War Savings committee, and in a way which Hal found all too challenging, it asked people to spend less on themselves and more on war bonds. "America needs all hands at the oars," the letter ended. "Are YOU going to pull your weight?"

Hal cleared his throat. "Dad, I wish you'd decide for us," he urged. "We want to do what's right but —" He hardly knew how to say it, but his father and mother had been counting on the trip as much as he and Sue

had. Hanging there under the kitchen clock he could see where his mother and Sue had ticked off the days on the calendar. There were no picture shows at Salmon Cove, and besides the amusements in Seattle, Jimmy Black, who was definitely going, said there would be a big parade with real army tanks in it.

His father smiled. "I thought you were dead against dictators! No, son, this affects us all. America is as much yours and Sue's as it is ours. We're going to have a family vote."

Sue, standing there so straight beside her mother at the work table, took a long breath. There was determination in her blue eyes, but somehow she did not want to look at Hal. "Then I vote we call the whole thing off —"

"And not go?" Hal broke in. Every time Jimmy Black had described what the parade would be like, Hal had heard the Army and Navy hands playing, seeing the flags and the march, and himself cheering madly. The way happy-go-lucky Jimmy put it, everyone who was at all patriotic would get there some-

how. Only new people like Carl and Rose Hartz, who had not been long enough in America to know what she stood for, would dream of staying away.

Mrs. Godfrey spoke gently. "It will be a big sacrifice, most of all for you two. I'll vote with you if you will, you can't stand it to stay at home."

To Hal, it was like being on the high diving board down there in the cove. You knew you had to take the plunge and yet you would give anything to be out of it. Of course it felt good to have a real say in running things. "But it's not all velvet," Hal thought desperately. Then, faced with the hard choice, his hand went up. Sue's followed in a flash, then their mother's, and then that after all their high hopes, the Godfreys were not going to the parade.

Later, when it was time for their afternoon swim and they had on their hand-me-downs and were swimming it down the shore end to the beach, they found Carl and Rose Hartz waiting for them.

"You two are always ready before we are," Sue greeted as she fell into

step with the slender, twelve-year-old girl.

Rose smiled. "If ever I am to swim like you I must not miss one minute. In Austria we never saw the sea."

Often, since they had come to know each other, Sue had wondered what Austria was like. But she had never asked. There were things this quiet refugee family did not talk about.

"How about a picnic on the Fourth?" Hal was proposing.

Carl's black eyes sparkled. "That would be — how you say? — a bee-hive."

Hal looked puzzled, then laughed. American slang held many a piffling to the newcomer. "Hey! You mean a honey!"

His slip amused Carl mightily. His was one thing Hal liked about Carl Hartz. He could enjoy a joke on himself. And he always kept smiling. "Never mind," Carl chuckled. "Some day I shall know to talk like a real American."

If Hal could have found the right words he would have said that, as far as fair play and good sportsmanship went [continued on page 322]

BY HUBERT EVANS

Author of *The Silent Call*, etc.

Here and There with the Camera Men



Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts

Washington, D. C. is a busy place these days. Our shining Capitol and all the acres and acres of other Government buildings that surround it are teeming with work and worry. This is a new business for our country and the hardest task she has ever undertaken. She needs our loyalty and trust and all of the strength of our hearts and hands.



Photo by Anne News Photo Co., Inc.
Young Arthur MacArthur is safe

somewhere in Australia for the time being, with his mother and Chinese nurse, while his famous soldier father, General Douglas MacArthur, renders brilliant service on the Allied front.



Courtesy of the American Red Cross

Boys and girls in manual arts classes all over the country are making stretchers, splints, and other kinds of first aid equipment for the army — a responsible job requiring real craftsmanship.



Courtesy of Sovfoto

In war-torn Russia older boys and girls are taking the places of men and women in factory and field. The ones in this picture are learning to handle intricate machinery in a Government shop.



Courtesy of Sovfoto

This proud Russian boy leads his division in the collection of waste material. And hasn't he gathered a fine pile of it! (See page 323 for more about Russia, our brave northern Ally, to whose people we owe respect and gratitude.)



Courtesy of Sovfoto

Just as in our own country, Russian school children collect magazines, books, woolens, and other useful things for their soldiers. These boys and girls have also brought flowers and vegetables from their Victory gardens.



This young lady from New England has found a fine substitute for a new bicycle. This ancient specimen had been hiding for years in an old barn. A little tinkering, and here it is, all ready to go! No tires needed!



BUREAU OF INFORMATION

Here are some English school boys making model planes as a part of their training for the Air Corps. As in the United States, these little models, when perfectly made, are taken by the Government for purposes of instruction.



Courtesy of Capostatic-It

A Junior Air Raid Warden reporting for duty at his headquarters in New York. Hundreds of boys and girls in our country are being trained for duty in this field. They are taught first aid, act as messengers for the Senior Air Raid Wardens, learn how to instruct people about air raid preparations and how to help in an air raid.



Courtesy of Soviets

Russian boys on a high perch in a wheat field, outside their village in endangered territory, keeping watch for enemy planes.



Photo by Maxine H. Gotschow

If you go to New York be sure to visit the children's zoo in Bronx Zoological Park. There are dozens of enclosures like this where you can play with your favorite animals. Here the hare and the tortoise seem more interested in the food that one of their friends has brought than in continuing their famous race.



Up there in "The Ark" are all sorts of amiable animals that welcome their guests courteously.

The Goats of Gruyères

BY ANNA MILO UPJOHN

IN Switzerland there is a wee town on a hilltop. It has walls around it, a castle with towers and a gateway set in carved stone. This is Gruyères, the town from which the famous cheese takes its name. A boy called Bertrand once lived within its walls. All one summer he had been sad because the men of Gruyères had gone off to war and left him behind.

"When his father mounted his horse he had said: 'Bertrand, you are the biggest boy in town, and you have a man's heart to play. You must protect the women and children while we are away, and you must guard our wealth. Remember that our greatest riches are the herds of cattle on the mountain. And beware the men of Berne!'"

That made Bertrand proud, yet how he wanted to ride through the gateway in armor, on a white charger! Besides there was much extra work for those at home and little fun or excitement.

Every day Bertrand, with other boys of the town, led a flock of goats from their pens beneath the narrow stone houses, milked them, watered them at the fountain trough, and drove them to graze on the slopes below the town. There Barbara the shepherdess, a girl with brown braids and a red skirt, took them in charge, while the boys went into the forest to cut firewood.

Barbara was a good scout. Rain or shine she was on her job of guarding goats. From up there on the hillside she could look across the plain to the red-roofed and towered towers of the town of Berne. Sometimes she saw a band of knights ride out to hunt in the valley; or a cloud of white pigeons flashed down behind the walls, and then Barbara knew that it was market day, that there were gay sights and cheerful sounds in the square where fruit and grain were being sold.

Romont was a friendly town. But



to turn"—soon there will be snow on the mountains. It is time the cows can come home." And Bertrand's mother added: "You won't let go up to the high pastures, my son, and help the men bring down the herd."

So Bertrand put on his homespun hoots, took his staff, and started. Not a boy did not envy him, and Barthara wanted to go as much as they, but she knew she was needed for the goats. So she brought Ber-

trand two pears and wished him good luck.

"Bring me some edelweiss if you find any," she called after him.

"I right as will!" And Bertrand strode out bravely.

He had to go down into a deep gorge and climb the mountain on the opposite side. A swift stream ran through the valley, over a rocky bed. There were no bridges, but fords by which it was easy to cross if you knew where to find them.

Along the stream lived thousands of herons or "grues," which had given their name to the whole region, as well as to the little town on the hill. The valley also was said to be the home of goblins, because moving lights were seen to move after dark, and the hillsides of Gruyères were said to have the courage to go down at night and discover that the huis flames were caused, not by fires, but by fallen trees rotting in the dampness.

Picture by
Harve Stein

Bertrand did not fear the goblins, thinking them to be friendly to Gruyères, and that only enemies of the town need dread them. So he plodded down through brush and boulders, and crossing the stream on stepping stones, toiled up the mountain on the other side, over rocks and pine needles. And everywhere, above and below him, was the dark forest and a great silence.

Toward evening Bertrand came out on a mountain meadow. The pines lay beneath him now, inky black, while one snow peak towered rose-gold in the sunset. That was Mt. Blanc. Close behind Bertrand, nestled against a wall of rock, stood a big, log house, its roof held down by a heavy snowdrift. And he had the courage to go down at night and discover that the huis flames were caused, not by fires, but by fallen trees rotting in the dampness.

Here were all the cows of the town.

Through the summer they grazed on the mountain, for there grew the herbs that gave Gruyères cheese its flavor, and on this mountain farm the cheese was made in great cauldrons, over slow fires. The goats would jump and yell wildly when they saw Bertrand for they were tired of life on the mountain and had been waiting for an order to break camp and go back to town for the winter.

The air was sharp, and Bertrand was stiff and fiercely hungry. He sat on a milking stool by the fire while the cowboys brought him bread and hot milk and made him a bed of sweet hay. Then he plunged into it with all his clothes on and slept so soundly that he did not hear the men shouting ready to start in the morning.

The moon was still hanging over the black forest and the far snow peaks, when they pulled him out of his nest, for a long day was needed to bring the cattle home safely. Under the lee of the sheds the herd waited, lowing softly in the dawn. At their head a milk-white cow stepped out proudly. A tiny spruce tree was fastened between her horns, and a bell hanging from her collar, beat gently as she walked. She knew that she was the leader.

The herdsman guided the cattle down the trail, leading as they went. But the procession was too slow for Bertrand. Leaping from rock to rock, sliding down slopes slippery with pine needles, he reached the foot of the mountain long before the others, and sat down to eat his lunch. Resting there, he noticed a bush with pink blossoms growing from a big rock, and suddenly remembered that Barbara had asked him to bring her some edelweiss, the flower that looks like a star cut out of white velvet, and grows on the edges of the fields."

"It's like something in a fairy tale," thought Bertrand, "when the youngest daughter asks her father to bring her a red rose from a far country. I'll take Barbara some Alpine roses instead of the edelweiss."

So Bertrand scrambled to the top of the rock. But when he got there he heard and saw such strange things that he forgot all about flowers.

He could look down onto the highway, along which came the thud of horses' hoofs and the jingle of harness. Presently around the head road, loud and clear, by their hammers Bertrand knew to be from Berne. Evidently there were more riders than could be seen, for a messenger was sent galloping back to call a halt, while the two leaders dismounted and sat under the rock to rest.

A Legend from Switzerland

Bertrand crouched down and waited to see what would happen next. Presently he heard the captain say, "We'll give the men a good rest now, and march on when it begins to get dark. But we won't attack before moonrise. By that time the cattle will be resting in the fields, and it will be easy to drive them off."

"But do you know that they have come down from the mountains?"

"Oh, of course! It is late. They must have come down a week ago. See, it is snowing up there now."

On the rock above them, Bertrand's heart was beating, thump, thump! Whose herd were these robbers going to raid? Through the trees he could see the mountain tops wrapped in cloud, and he knew that it was snowing on the spot they had left that morning. Another day and it would have been slippery and dangerous. But had they brought the cows home only to have them carried off by the men of Berne? Still, he was not sure that were talking of Gruyères, for there were many little towns in Switzerland, all owning cattle.

So he listened. What was the captain saying with a cruel laugh? "The men of Gruyères have cleared out to a man! Only boys and women are left!"

Now Bertrand's cheeks burned. He shook his fist in anger. They should find that there was at least one man left in Gruyères! Then softly as a fox, he slithered from the rock and away through the under-brush. At a safe distance he sprang to his feet and dashed back into the forest and up the trail to head off the cattle coming down and to warn the herdboys to drive them back to safety. No! They must stay in the woods with the herdboys to guard them, while he, Bertrand, most fleet of foot of all the boys in Gruyères, must run alone by hidden paths to warn the town of its danger.

The sun was going down behind the castle tower when at last, he staggered windbroken into the square where women were filling their pitchers for the evening meal. Oh, the delicious sound of running water! But before Bertrand drank he panted, "The men of Berne are coming!" Then he sank down exhausted. For an hour or so he must rest.



Picture by Paul Strayer

Barbara led the goats out to the slopes beyond the town

Terror rushed like a wind through the town. The first thought was for the goats. If the town were besieged these animals would save the people from starving.

Barbara was on the hillside when she caught the alarm. She began rounding up the goats quietly and slowly, though often the excited women and the small children scattered them again. But it was milking time and the goats came willingly. When the last pair of horns and the last pair of hoofs were safely inside, the great gates studded with iron knobs were bolted and barred.

Then the women began hiding their belongings. They crammed feather beds and copper pots into cowsheds and chimneys. But there was little of value in the town as compared to the cattle which they hoped, thanks to Bertrand, were safe in the vast forest.

Everyone tried to think how they could trick the enemy into believing that the town was not defenseless. For though the walls were strong an armed host could conquer the town in time if help did not arrive.

"Oh, how can we make the soldiers think that some of the men have stayed behind!" cried Barbara. "We might stuff a lot of old coats with straw and put them on the walls."

"Yes, but if the town is attacked and they don't move, the men of Berne will know they are dummies."

"Of course! No, that won't do."

"Well," said Barbara, "we might tie candles to the horns of some of the goats and drive them through the gates. They would look like an army with torches."

Most of the women thought that a crazy idea and feared they might lose their goats by it.

"We could never make the candles

stay fast," they said.

"Why not, if we can tie a tree between a cow's horns?" asked Bertrand, who, still pale and tired, was listening thoughtfully. He was remembering the little white cow that had led the herd down the mountain that very morning.

"The men of Berne might take the moving lights for the Gohlins of Gruyères!"

"We can't fool the men of Berne as easily as that!" exclaimed the women.

But as they had no better plan they agreed to try it. "Better lose the goats than our lives," said some.

So candles were searched for and while the goats were munching their supper after being milked, their owners placed flat brass candlesticks on their heads, and by winding cord back and forth around their horns, secured them firmly.

Then the whole town climbed the stair that led to the gallery inside the walls. From there they could look through loopholes onto the plain and see the men of Berne filing silently over the highway in the dusk, a hundred and more, on horseback and with spears and banners. They saw them making fires and bringing water, in order to cook a meal.

"Let us wait until they begin to eat," reasoned the women, "then they will be off their guard."

But some of them were still frightened. After all the goats and candles seemed a silly trick. To fight armed men, armed men were needed. Somehow they decided, they would have to get help from Romont. So Bertrand it was who offered to go. Now that it was growing dark and he had rested he could slip through a secret door in the wall, grope his way down the hill, capture one of the horses of the enemy, and gallop across the plain to rouse the friendly town.

"Yes, go!" said Bertrand's mother, "and when we send the goats out we will ring the bells. It may be the men of Romont will hear and come more quickly."

So Bertrand filled his pockets with apples and slid behind the matted ivy that covered the little door in the wall. He climbed down the rocky slope behind the town, hand over hand, and when he had reached the bottom dropped to his knees and crawled through the bushes, closer and closer [continued on page 321]



Tarzan's New York Adventure

(M-G-M)

Tarzan's New York Adventure (M-G-M)—Here is a picture especially suited to please boys and girls. Tarzan (Johnny Weissmuller) will give you many a thrill as he leaps and swings from roof tops and scales the sides of the New York skyscrapers with the same ease that he swings from treetop to treetop in his native jungle.

The "Boy" (Johnny Sheffield), a grand little actor, is kidnapped by circus men who are forced down in the jungle near Tarzan's home when on a lion hunt. They take Boy back to New York with them because he has such power over the wild animals, and they put him in the circus. When Tarzan and Jane (Maureen O'Sullivan) discover the boy has been stolen, they follow the circus men's airplane to New York City where they have a series of exciting experiences.

You will like the performance of Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan, John Sheffield, and the rest of the fine cast. If you like animals, you will be delighted with the variety of wild ones in this picture. Cheeta, a mischievous ape, with her monkey shiness, will keep you laughing all through the whole show.

Movie News



Bambi (RKO)

The Pied Piper (Fox)—In this vivid picture by Neville Shute, an elderly Englishman, starting back to his own home at the beginning of the war, finds himself in charge of an ever-increasing little band of children of different nationalities, whom he

must shepherd to safety through dangerous and devastated country. Two English children, a little French girl, a Dutch boy, and finally some German children are among his charges. The story is tense, with tragic parts, but it will make you understand what war is like. But it ends well for the children. You will see Roddy McDowall playing another fine part, and Monty Woolley is the "Pied Piper." Little Clare Sanders is a newcomer.

Bambi (RKO)—Good news! Bambi, the Walt Disney full-length feature cartoon, based on Felix Salten's book of the same name, will be released this fall. As most of you know, it is the story of a charming little fawn and his adventures in the woods among his friends the rabbits and squirrels, owls and chipmunks, opossums and other woodfolk. If you have not already read this delightful story, perhaps you will want to do so before you see the movie. Watch for the picture in September.

A-Haunting We Will Go (Fox)—Laurel and Hardy hire out to a band of desperadoes, innocently enough, but their hunting of the job helps the police. Dante the Magician helps, too.



The Pied Piper (Fox)



A-Haunting We Will Go (Fox)

HOTEL MYSTERY

BY MARTHA KING



The Story So Far

Linda and Tommy live at the Hotel Vandover during the absence of their father in South America. Living there also are cantankerous Miss Fanny Barlow; Red, a young medical student; and Andy Vandover, a young artist, grandson of the original owner of the Hotel Vandover. A strange little man arrives and turns out to be Miss Fanny's brother in disguise—an old friend of Andy's grandfather. He calls himself Mr. Papadopolous, wears a toupee, and conceals his identity from his sister. He tells Andy he thinks \$10,000 is hidden somewhere in old Mr. Vandover's room—1777. He thinks Mr. Vandover put it there the day before he was killed in an accident. They search the room, find nothing, but discover that Miss Fanny and a woman reporter also suspect something. Tommy goes to interview the chef and accidentally discovers that he has the box that contained the money when it was presented to Mr. Vandover. Linda meanwhile is hunting for her cat, who has disappeared.

Part VI

TOMMY could hardly make his key fit in the lock he was so excited. What would Linda say to the big news about the chef?

As the door opened, Jock greeted him with a strange bark which broke off sharply and ended in a whine. Tommy patted his head.

"Hello, boy. Where's Linda?"

Jock dashed into Linda's room. Tommy followed, but stopped when he found the room dark. He heard a sharp sob, followed by Jock's whine. Stumbling through the room, he found a light. Linda was crumpled on the floor beside her couch, her head buried in her arms.

Tommy felt stunned, because Linda wasn't the crying sort. Something awful had happened. Tommy didn't know what to do, so he sat

down on the couch. Linda pulled a handkerchief from her pocket without lifting her head. Jock tried to lick her face. Suddenly Tommy knew.

"You couldn't find the Empress," he announced like an oracle.

A great sob escaped Linda. "Somebody's st—stolen her."

Tommy stroked Jock's silky ears. "Not that cat," he said scornfully. "The Empress wouldn't let anybody touch her!" But Linda sobbed on. "If anything's happened to her I don't know what I'll—"

Tommy felt desperate. He remembered how his father had told him somebody always had to sound convincing in an emergency, so he drew himself up and said loudly, "The Empress will be back in the morning."

To his relief, Linda sat up and hugged Jock. Jock wriggled away and harked with delight. Something told him everything was going to be all right.

Tommy changed the subject abruptly. "The Cardinal has Mr. Vandover's leather box."

"How do you know?" asked Linda, rubbing her eyes with a handkerchief.

"I saw it. In the kitchen."

"Is that where you've been? Did the Cardinal show it to you?"

"He didn't mean to show me," said Tommy. "He was talking and kind of dreaming and before he knew it, he took out a key and unlocked a drawer in his desk. The box was right there. When he saw me looking at it, he shut the drawer with a bang."

Linda stared at him. "Do you think the Cardinal stole the money?" she asked in a horrified voice.

Tommy didn't answer.

"Well, we have no right to think

he stole anything unless we can prove it," said Linda firmly.

"It would be kind of hard to prove," said Tommy slowly, "but the Cardinal said he was up in Room 1777 right after the banquet. He said Andrew Vandover was sitting at his big desk. Linda, the money must have been there."

"What about the hiding place?" asked Linda. "Maybe Mr. Vandover put the money in there."

"And the next day he got himself killed."

"So the Cardinal didn't steal it," interrupted Linda.

"If he knew where the money was hidden, he might have just taken it when he knew Mr. Vandover didn't need it any more," said Tommy.

"I don't believe the Cardinal would do such a thing," said Linda. "Besides we have to find that secret hiding place before we can tell anything."

EARLY the next morning, not long after the sun was up, Linda heard Jock scratching. He was trying to push his nose through the crack under the door. Outside there was a faint meowing.

Linda ran to open the door. There was the Empress waiting impatiently for someone to let her in. Linda lifted her in her arms and held her close under her chin. The Empress purred happily, and Jock leaped about them as if he were responsible for the cat's return.

Linda climbed into bed still holding the Empress, but the Empress hadn't come back to lead a soft and lazy life. She leaped to the floor and went at once to the corner where Linda kept her food.

"Oh, darling, you're hungry," exclaimed Linda. The Empress meowed

and waved her beautiful tail. Carefully Linda mixed some powdered baby food with milk and put the saucer on the floor for the Empress. Then she tossed a cracker to Jock.

The Empress lapped up the last drop in the saucer and licked her lips daintily before she hurried to the door. She turned to see whether Linda was watching and meowed imperiously, importantly.

At first Linda didn't understand. Then all at once she gave a delighted shriek.

"Kittens," she cried. The Empress scratched at the door.

Linda began to dress,

hurry. She walked slowly and elegantly, enjoying her dignity as a mother. She turned up the stairway to the nineteenth floor, then on up to the twentieth.

"Where do you suppose she's

lovely tail erect. Tommy followed behind Linda. Suddenly the Empress stopped and meowed loudly.

"Where are they?" Linda asked. There were no kittens to be seen.

"If she's kidding us . . ." Tommy began, but the Empress stopped him with a scornful look and jumped into a half-open dresser drawer.

"Oh, look," whispered Linda, dropping to her knees. "Five of them. Their eyes aren't open."

Tommy sat down beside her, and they stroked the tiny kittens with their finger tips while the Empress purred loudly.



The Empress adds a new chapter to the search

*Pictures by
Cleveland L. Woodward*

calling to Tommy at the same time.

"The Empress has kittens. She wants to show us. Hurry, hurry, hurry."

Jock rushed from room to room until Tommy stumbled in, rubbing his eyes. "What's all the shouting about?" he asked.

"Kittens," shouted Linda, not noticing that she had put on one green and one blue sock.

Tommy didn't understand. He looked at the Empress and said, "I told you she'd come back in the morning, didn't I?" Then Linda's words penetrated his sleepy brain. "Hey, kittens," he shouted. "Wait for me. I want to go, too."

He made better time than a fireman getting into his clothes and dashed down the hall after Linda.

The Empress, however, was in no

going?" Linda whispered wonderingly.

"The attic," answered Tommy as the Empress started on up the stairs to the twenty-first floor.

The top floor of the Vandover hotel was only an attic in parts. Many rooms were for servants. Some were store rooms. One section had been made into a carpenter's shop. The painter also kept his many brushes and cans of paint up there. One entire end of the floor was filled with odds and ends and pieces of furniture. There were bed springs, chairs, mirrors, dressing tables, luggage stands, couches, dressers, and desks, not to mention waste baskets, lamps, and old curtain stretchers. A hotel had to be ready to meet the needs of an enormous home.

The Empress continued her slow march among all these objects, her

Linda was ready to stay there all day, wondering what she would ever do with so many cats. But Tommy couldn't help looking around the storeroom. He had never been up on this floor before. Getting up quietly, he started wandering around.

"I wonder why they don't let people live up here," he said, looking out of the window. "There's a good view."

Linda didn't answer him, and he went on looking over the strange assortment of things around him. Many objects had been stored for a long time and were covered with dust. He poked his way into the farthest corners, interested in the different styles of furniture, wondering how many years old some pieces were.

Back of a big pile of bed springs, he saw a large piece of furniture and

scrambled around to look it over. It turned out to be a very old desk. Its working surface was hidden away under a curved top which could be rolled up or down as its owner pleased. Tommy touched it, but before he could roll it up he saw three initials carved just above the lock. They were hard to see in the dim light. He leaned down close to read them.

"Linda," he called. "Come here. I think I've found something."

Linda ran around through the piles of furniture until she found Tommy. He pointed to the initials.

"Rend them," he ordered.

"A. T. V.," she read aloud.

"Don't you get it? A.T.V. Those were Andrew Vandover's initials. This is his old desk," Tommy almost shouted. "It's the one he was sitting at in his room when the Cardinal last talked to him."

"Tommy," Linda was standing like a statue. "What if the hiding place were right here in the desk?"

Tommy tried the roll top. It was locked. The whole desk was covered with dust.

"Don't touch it," ordered Linda. "We ought to tell Mr. Barlow first. Let's bring him up and surprise him."

"Okay," said Tommy. "Let's go!"

"Listen," Linda put a hand on his arm.

Something scraped across the floor as if someone had bumped into a chair. The Empress meowed loudly. Linda and Tommy ran to her. She was pacing up and down the floor in front of the dresser. Her back was arched and her fur ruffled.

"Somebody's up here," said Linda.

They could see no one. The atmosphere might have been charged with electricity, it felt so alive. Linda glanced uneasily at Tommy.

After a moment, the Empress leaped back into the drawer beside her kittens, and Tommy coughed loudly. Then he walked boldly over to the window and back, looking all around him as he did it.

"Well, we'd better go," he said loudly and started walking toward the stairs. Linda followed him anxiously.

"I've got the feeling someone is spying on us," Tommy whispered.

"I don't want to leave the Empress here," said Linda.

"Nobody will touch her," Tommy reassured her. "And we can't move the kittens now. Come on."

"Let's find Mr. Barlow," said Linda, beginning to run.

"Mr. Papadopoulos," warned Tommy.

TRYING to find Mr. Barlow—Papadopoulos—was like hunting for a man on Saturday afternoon at

the circus. He wasn't in his room. He wasn't having breakfast. Nobody had seen him in the lobby. He hadn't asked for his mail. He wasn't in the barber shop and, according to the operator, he hadn't used his telephone yet that morning.

"Well, I'm going to eat breakfast," said Tommy, in disgust.

Otto was friendly, as usual, as they went into the dining room, but excited. As he pushed Linda's chair in, he spoke to Tommy. "I have seen him," he said softly.

"Who?" asked Tommy and Linda at once.

"Mr. Andrew Vandover's friend. Why does he call himself Papadopoulos?"

NO JEWEL

WALTER DE LA MARE

No jewel from the rock
Is lovely as the dew,
Flashing with flame-like red,
With sea-like blue.

No web the merchant weaves
Can rival hers—
The silk the spider spins
Across the furze.

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Linda and Tommy were speechless. Otto pretended to rearrange the silver so that he might speak without being overheard by those sitting at the next table.

"He does not wish to be seen." He paused. "If it is his sister he is hiding from, you had better warn him. She knows he is here."

Tommy felt immensely relieved. Otto wasn't thinking about Mr. Vandover's lost money after all.

"I remember when he lived with us years ago," said Otto. "Miss Fanny was very jealous. She did not like to have him go off alone with Mr. Vandover. Always she tried to join them and always they managed to get away from her." He shook his head and tried to suppress a broad smile at the memory.

"Many times I have seen her come into this very dining room red hot angry because they had given her the slip. Once there was the argument when Mr. Barlow had taken a room on the thirteenth floor, and Miss Fanny wanted Mr. Vandover to make him move. How she stormed, followed them. She is the superstitious one—like many others. Afraid of bad luck from Number 13!

It was she—" Otto pulled himself up and looked apologetic. "But I wander. What I meant to advise was that Mr. Barlow leave this hotel if he does not want her to find him."

"We're trying to find him now," said Linda.

"He is with a Mr. Blake in Room 1777," said Otto. "The tray is almost ready to take their breakfast to them."

"May I put a message on Mr. Barlow's tray?" asked Tommy.

"Certainly," said Otto. "Write on this."

He pulled a notebook from his pocket, and Tommy scrawled his message: "Dear Mr. Papadopoulos:

We've found something. Can you meet us when you have finished breakfast? Tommy."

Before they had finished breakfast, the waiter brought the answer. "Meet me in fifteen minutes in my room. P."

"I wish we could find Andy and Red," said Linda. "They'll be so surprised if we've discovered the secret hiding place."

"We'd better wait till we find the money before we tell Andy," said Tommy.

"If we find the money we get to go to South America." Linda was gazing off into space. "I can hardly remember what Father looks like anymore."

"Neither can I," said Tommy. Then he looked at his watch and motioned to the waiter to bring the bill for their breakfast.

Instead of paying money, he signed his name and room number to the bill. People who lived in hotels always did that, paying their bills at the end of each month.

Tommy went to the newsstand for a paper. They could read at least what Little Abner was doing while they rode up on the elevator.

Mr. Papadopoulos was waiting for them. As soon as they mentioned the desk, he cried, "Andrew loved that desk. It might have a secret hiding place. Though people must have looked. But this attic—I cannot understand. Take me there."

He opened the door, but Linda stopped him. "Miss Fanny knows you're here. Otto said so."

"Of course she knows after meeting that red-headed newspaper reporter, but she hasn't caught me yet," he said with an impish grin.

They walked upstairs to avoid being seen. Mr. Barlow looked around the attic, a puzzled expression on his face. In their eagerness to see the desk they rushed right past the Empress and her kittens. She was so insulted she leaped out of the drawer [continued on page 327]



Cockears and Blimpy

BY HARRIET BUNN

The Story So Far

Blimpy Mulligan's father didn't like horses. "Trucks are more reliable," he said. On a visit to his grandfather's farm, Blimpy is given a colt—Cockears. When Blimpy's little sister, hurt in an accident, fails to grow strong, her mother takes her out West to convalesce. Blimpy and his father are to follow in a truck with two older horses, Mabel and Porky, who will be sold to pay for the family's board at a ranch. And how about Cockears? Blimpy and Cockears wonder desperately whether they will be separated.

Part II

NEXT morning Mulligan's Transfer drove up to the stable. Instead of its usual yellow body, lettered in red, there was something like a fence above the chassis. Blimpy and his father sat in the closed, boxlike place in front of it. Cockears saw Blimpy climb down. He wore blue jeans, an emerald green handkerchief was knotted about his neck. He wore such a big hat that his face was in shadow.

"You look like a cowboy already," said Doc and hit him across the back. But there was no laughter in Doc's eyes. His voice was sad.

Cockears stood in the paddock. His tousled forelock covered his

eyes. But he watched every move Blimpy made.

Porky and Mabel came out wearing blinders. Doc and Mr. Mulligan let down the back of the van. The stable boy led the two horses one by one up slanting boards into the enclosure on top of the chassis.

"Don't forget to leave room for Cockears," said Blimpy.

Cockears tossed his forelock. Of course Blimpy wouldn't desert him.

"See here," said Mr. Mulligan sharply, as if he and Blimpy had argued this out before, "I'm not taking that colt. He's so much useless weight. This truck is pretty old, and crossing the Rockies . . ."

"He's mine. I can't leave him," cried Blimpy.

Doc added in a low voice. "The colt doesn't weigh much. He'll be company for the boy way off there."

"I told Blimpy if he took his bicycle the colt would have to stay behind," said Mr. Mulligan, as if this would settle the thing.

"Bike stays. Cockears goes," said Blimpy. He helped his father unload the bicycle. The stable-boy caught it and wheeled it out of sight. Blimpy didn't even look after it.

So it was that Cockears found himself crowded in between Porky and Mabel. The engine started. The floor beneath him gave a horrid

shudder. They rattled out of the stableyard and up the highway. The ugly, nippy smell was all around them. Cockears learned that Blimpy's mother and little sister had gone on ahead of them by train.

Those first days on the road Cockears was too miserable to know or care what happened. The many colored beetles (of course he knew now their right name was automobile) sped

up and down around them. They squawked and honked. At night their great eyes shone like the eyes of wild animals. If it hadn't been for Blimpy, Cockears wouldn't have cared about living.

"You'll like it when we get there," Blimpy whispered at night. At the end of the third day he said, "We're in Kansas now. That's where the west begins."

Next morning Cockears managed to get on the outside. He could see through the slats. Towns and meadows and woods and rivers flashed past. The air smelled better. It was less damp here, but dusty. But all of the horses grew more restless with each added day.

"We ought to let them run in some pasture," said Blimpy.

"No," said Mr. Mulligan. "Suppose that colt started acting up."

"It never occurs to him his old truck might act up," said Porky.

But Mr. Mulligan took care of the truck. At the filling stations he saw to it fresh air went into the tires. He watched when the boys put in oil and filled the gas tank.

"This old truck eats more than you do," Mabel told Porky.

But Cockears was beginning to respect Mulligan's Transfer. Suppose he and Porky and Mabel had been trotting these long miles. How boof-

sore they would have been!

On the sixth evening Blimpy said, "It's slow going from here on. We're in Colorado. That's where the mountains begin."

Cockeers knew by his voice that Blimpy was worried. As he fed his colt that night he whispered, "Father says the truck's not acting right. They don't know what's the matter."

The truck climbed all the next day, slowly and more slowly as the hours passed. Every now and then it emitted a growl of protest. The day after that it acted more strangely than ever.

"If it could see a decent garage in this wild country I'd have the whole thing overhauled," said Mr. Mulligan. But the only garage they had met was a shed behind a gas tank. The man in charge didn't seem to know much about engines. But he knew a thing or two about horses.

"Those beasts are spoiling for a run," he said. Without so much as a by-your-leave, he unlatched the boards at the back and led the horses into a harness enclosure behind his filling station. A wind smelling of snow flung down from the high mountains.

It blew Cockeers' tawny forelock across his eyes. Even the pony Mabel flicked a little. Their nostrils twitched. The horses quivered. They sniffed the sharp air and challenged each other to a race.

Cockeers wanted to squeal. He wanted to leap. He wanted to dance. He flung up his head and rushed over the brown, sunbaked earth to the far side of the enclosure. He brought up sharply against the fence, swerved, and rushed back.

Blimpy sat on the fence gate, grinning at him. "Just hold it a day or two, Mister. We're almost there."

Mr. Mulligan told the man at the filling station to put the horses back in the truck.

"I've been thinking he's got

enough strength left in him to get us through," announced Mr. Mulligan. "I'm glad we don't have to depend on him to get us there." It was easy to see Mr. Mulligan was worried.

"If you're in a hurry you might try the cutoff at Black Canyon Road," said the filling-station man. He looked at the sky and added,

"I'm glad that's over," said Mabel.

"But it's bad through there after a rain."

"This is desert," said Mr. Mulligan, as if he knew all about it. "It never rains around here."

The filling-station man shrugged his shoulders and said no more.

They took the cutoff in spite of a dark curtain of cloud drawing over the sky. The Black Canyon Road was rough and paved of tarmac. They passed a washout that looked as if a hungry mouth had bitten it. Huge chunks of road had slid into the valley. "Maybe it does rain around here," said Mr. Mulligan.

In a few minutes there was no doubt of it. Great drops splashed on the roof and spattered against the windshield and on the horses. It was not like rain in Virginia. It rained as if a knife had ripped the clouds apart. Whole rivers of water poured down.

Mr. Mulligan and Blimpy kept fairly dry but the horses took it on their bare backs. The storm stopped as suddenly as it had started. Snow water and rain streaked down the windshield, but overhead the sky went blue again. Evenings gave light made the mountains rosy. The horses stamped and shivered, trying to get dry.

"I'm glad that's over," said Mabel.

The words were barely out of her mouth, when from under the truck came a pop like a gun going off. It was followed by a long sigh of escaping air. The horses jolted each other in terror. The truck sagged heavily to one side.

Mr. Mulligan jumped out. "It's a flat," he said.

Cockeers looked at Blimpy sitting quiet as a stone. "If he isn't scared I think we'll stop being scared," the colt decided.

"You'll have to get off the seat, Blimpy. The tools are underneath you," said Mr. Mulligan.

"The horses are wet," said Blimpy. "Let's take them out so they can walk a bit and warm up."

"No, siree," said Mr. Mulligan. "I haven't hauled them all this way to let them run off now."

What at last he had removed the flat tire and screwed on the spare and pumped it up and removed the jack, night hung over them like a thick forest. On either side the mountains seemed to wall them in.

"Funny how you never notice anybody on this road," said Mr. Mulligan, climbing in and stowing the tools away. But when he tried to turn on the headlights nothing happened. When he tried to start the engine

Light shone on a steep drop and black swift water flowing. The bridge was down!

nothing happened either. Mr. Mulligan made angry noises. "I must have a dead battery," he said. "Let's have your flashlight, Blimpy." He spread the road map on his knees, and Blimpy held the flashlight. "There's a bridge about a mile ahead and a town just beyond the bridge. If we could only get there."

"We can't stay in the middle of the road," said Blimpy.

"I say we can't. We'd get buried in the dark, sure as shooting."

Blimpy heard the horses stirring restlessly. He saw their round eyes shining in the dark. "The horses will pull us," he cried. "Why not? It's level along here, and the truck's lightly loaded—when the horses are out."

Mr. Mulligan scratched his head, but no other plan came to him. "I suppose they might be able to pull us until we come to a broad place where we can drop off the road," he said. "I'll look up that harness Doc sent along. It's for riding horses, but maybe I can make it do."

With the aid of the flashlight he found two huts and two bridles. Eked out by a chain and some rope, he manufactured a makeshift pair

of reins. There was no wagon tongue to keep the horses apart. He harnessed Mabel and Porky separately to the front bumper. Then he got in the truck, tipped the windshield, and Blimpy passed the reins through to him.

"I'll bet they won't move without a whip," muttered Mr. Mulligan.

"They steady driving day after day and all his worries ruined his disposition. Just then he made an impatient move and dropped Blimpy's flashlight, which went bick." "Now I've done it!" said Mr. Mulligan.

"I'll tell you what! Cockeers and I will go ahead and lead. I think we can make it," said Blimpy.

"Well, I can't think of anything better," answered Mr. Mulligan.

Blimpy scrambled into the truck. Cockeers nickered questioningly.

"You and I have an important job," Blimpy told him, snapping on the halter. "We're going to lead Mabel and Porky and Father and the truck."

Cockeers felt Blimpy's warm hand through the dark and followed down the slanting boards to the road. They skirted the truck and the two horses harnessed to it. Night closed in like a web.

"You'll have to lead, Cockeers.

I can't see much. It's awfully dark."

Blimpy trusted him. Blimpy needed him. Cockeers took a deep breath and started ahead, every sense alert. The mountain wind blew against his mane. How good it felt against his mane. How good again.

The strange procession advanced behind him. The damp road felt welcome under the horses' hoofs and, stretching, they got the truck started. They saw only a few steps through the dark, but as long as Cockeers kept going ahead of them as they pulled slowly but steadily.

After a little Cockeers and Blimpy found themselves in a narrow canyon. On one side the walls leaned so close that Blimpy was able to touch them. Far off a few stars twinkled. They lighted the sky, but they were too few and too far to light the canyon. From somewhere ahead came the faint sound of running water.

The colt's ears pricked forward, listening. Something Duchess had said returned to him. "You must learn about animals and seasons." Duchess had said, "... great saddle horses must know enough to warn his master." So far as Cockeers knew there was no danger, at least not yet. This water [continued on page 327]



ORPHAN ANNIE

BY TRELLA DICK



The story of a lamb that ran away

MARJORIE sat in the big hay-loft window and gazed down at a plump little lamb, which was nosing the ranch-house door.

"Oh, dear." Her voice was as mournful as the plaintive bleats which ascended from below. "If Kennie wasn't so mean, I'd be down there playing with you, Orphan Annie. And if I hadn't been so proud of you and hadn't showed you off, Kenneth wouldn't have got so mad."

Ever since Kenneth had brought the wee, lost creature home from the hills, two months before, Marjorie had wanted it for her own.

For once, Kenneth had been firm. "She's mine, just mine," he declared. "I'm going to have this lamb for myself."

"Oh, Kennie," Marjorie had coaxed. "She's so cunning, and she's the first one we ever had."

It was true, in spite of the fact that their ranch bordered a lane, up and down which traveled thousands of sheep every summer. Their father was a cattleman and detested the sight, sounds, and smell of "woolies."

"Can't help it if she's the last one we ever have," Kenneth had stated with finality. "She's all mine."

"Anyway, I've had the most fun with her," Marjorie mused in mournful triumph, remembering the romps she'd had with Orphan Annie while Kenneth was away in the hills, helping with the cattle. She had taught the lamb to play Hide-and-Seek in the raspberry patch and to follow a salt trail all around the place.

"The cutest thing she does, though, is to run up my tree," she decided, burrowing deeper into the soft hay. "Wish I hadn't shown Kenneth."

There was a huge uprooted poplar in the yard, in whose branches Marjorie had a snug little nest. She had taught Orphan Annie to follow her up the trunk. The wooly little thing looked so cute doing it, that Marjorie had shown Kenneth—with disastrous results.

"Listen here," he had spluttered, "I'll teach my own lamb tricks. And I'll thank you to leave her alone."

"You don't mean for me not to play with her at all?" Marjorie had exclaimed aghast.

"That's just what I mean."

Marjorie had stood speechless. She and her brother had one rule which neither violated. If one said "Hands Off" of a possession, the other kept hands off.

"Please don't say that, Kennie," Marjorie had stammered at length. "She gets awfully lonesome, and I like to teach her tricks."

"Teach your old cata tricks," Kenneth had snapped.

So now, Marjorie hid disconsolately in the hayloft, and Orphan Annie bleated at the kitchen door.

Marjorie, gazing out at the distant hills, was suddenly diverted from her gloomy thoughts. Far up the sheep lane appeared a smudge of dust. "Must be bringing the lambs down to ship," she decided.

The dust cloud drifted slowly closer. A sustained bleating became audible, and the occasional tinkle of a bell. "More coming," Marjorie

noted two additional smudges up toward the hills.

She watched the white tide advancing, the clever little dogs nipping at stragglers' heels. The sheep herder was in front, leaving all the care of the hand to his canine assistants. Half a mile from the ranch was a swinging bridge. He must be there to start the sheep across it, or they would dash poll-mell over the bank into the stream.

Marjorie sat up straight at sight of a little figure running down their lane which connected with the one now filled with woolies.

"Orphan Annie hears them calling," she laughed. A sudden thought struck her. "If the lane gate isn't shut tight she'll go with them. Serve Mr. Kenneth right, too."

In spite of her words, she watched breathlessly, till she saw that the lamb was nosing in vain at the lane gate.

Marjorie turned away a moment too soon to see her pet run up a slanting log braced against a fence post, just as she had run up the tree for Marjorie so many times. Later, as Marjorie helped her mother with supper, she watched for the lamb to appear. She was very uneasy by the time the men came in from the hayfield.

"Kenneth," she called to her brother who was with them, "I can't see Orphan Annie anywhere." "Guess she's around some place." Kenneth, tired and hungry, was more interested in food than in anything else. But after supper, Marjorie saw him looking about, casually at first,

and then more and more frantically. "She went down the lane when the sheep went by," Marjorie said, her anger against Kenneth forgotten.

"Why didn't you stop her?" Kenneth started at once toward the lane. "Maybe the gate was open, and she followed the sheep."

"No, the gate was closed," Marjorie was panting in her efforts to keep up with her long-legged brother.

There was no sign of Orphan Annie in their lane, nor in the fields which bordered it. The sheep lane was vacant, too. Only the slowly settling dust, with its acrid odor, gave evidence of the recent passing.

"Gate's tight shut," Kenneth announced, relieved. He turned to go back.

"We've looked everywhere—" Marjorie began uncertainly. She stopped short, and ran to the gate. "Look, how'd that get here?"

From the rough top of a post, she removed a fluffy tuft of wool.

"Silly," said Kenneth impatiently, "how could she get there?"

"Why — maybe —" Marjorie looked around uncertainly, then exclaimed, "She could have run up this bracpost, and then jumped into the lane."

"Whoever saw a lamb do that?"

"She can run up my tree."

"That's right." Anger replaced the doubt on Kenneth's face. "So you're to blame for losing my lamb."

"Oh, Kennie —" Marjorie's lips quivered.

"It's 'Good-by' Orphan Annie.' We'll never get her back." Dejectedly, Kenneth turned toward the house.

Marjorie burst into wild weeping. Unlatching the gate, she was off down the lane like the wind.

"Hey, come back," called her startled brother. "You can't find her. There are six thousand sheep down there."

He might have saved his breath. Marjorie was clear to the foot of the lane, where the trail dropped steeply to the swinging bridge, before he caught up with her.

"Come on home, silly," he said, seizing her arm. "You're not going over to that sheep camp. You couldn't do anything. Besides, there's a storm coming."

Marjorie glanced briefly at the piled-up clouds behind her.

"I don't care," she sobbed, "I'm going to try to find her."

"How?" her brother demanded. "There's nothing to try. What can you do?"

"I don't know, but I've got to do something. I feel as if I murdered Orphan Annie."

"It wasn't your fault," muttered Kenneth. "Come on, let's go home."

"Listen, Ken," Marjorie straightened up hopefully, "she used to play

Hide-and-Seek with me and come when I called. Maybe I could find her that way."

"But there're so many. You wouldn't know which band to look in. The borders wouldn't let you."

Marjorie wasn't listening. She was scrambling down the steep bit of trail which led to the swinging bridge. The bridge swayed with their quick passing, as Kenneth hurried after her.

"See! What did I tell you?" he exclaimed, as they climbed out of the ravine. Marjorie gave a gasp at the sight—and sound.

Half a dozen campfires gleamed in the dusk, with campers huddled about them. The whole plain was covered with bleating sheep. The border of each band, with its attendant dogs, was endeavoring to get his charges hedged down for the night.

Marjorie knew that in the morning the lambs would be separated from their mothers and loaded onto cars

For a moment Marjorie didn't know what to do. Then, trembling but determined, she stepped among the sheep. "Orphan Annie," she called, her voice quavering, "Orphan Annie."

The ewes, frantically seeking their offspring, the tired, hungry lambs calling their mothers, paid her no attention. Their discordant cries drowned out her feeble efforts. She called more loudly.

The herder, after one startled exclamation, seemed to understand. At least he made no protest. Back and forth, she went, up and down, stepping over prostrate sheep till her legs ached, and her ears rang with the persistent clamor.

She tried a second and a third band the same way. Thunder was loud and menacing as she made her weary way toward the fourth hand of wildly mulling sheep.

"Sis, the storm's almost here," protested Kenneth. "We've got to go home." [continued on page 328]



The storm struck. Boy, girl, and lamb went down in a heap

already waiting on a siding. The ewes would be taken back to the hills to graze till cold weather.

She felt the hopelessness of her plan, but the sight of those empty, double-decked cars, stiffened her determination. "She'll not be crowded into one of those, if I can help it," she muttered.

She hurried to the nearest border. "I want to find a pet lamb. Do you care if I call her in your hand?"

"No sahbe," he answered, with an expressive shrug.

"Lamb, pet lamb, she followed sheep," she began in a louder tone.

"He isn't deaf," Kenneth explained. "He's a Basquo and can't talk English."

Pictures by
Clotilde Emden Funk



BY CHESLEY KAHMANN
Author of *Sing and the Little Goat*, etc.

THE Dover Village-Junior Team, shoes and socks caked with mud, clumped down the street, spirits low as the bottom of the ocean. "Well, we'll have to face facts!" Brick Evans, captain, finally said. "We can't make money on baseball." The plan had failed, and it was almost too hard to swallow.

All Dover Village was working toward a new air-raid siren and emergency equipment. The team, feeling very much a part of the town, had decided to contribute, too.

Thinking that everyone would turn out for such a good cause, regardless of the fact that Dover Village had never taken the Junior Team seriously, the boys had scheduled two benefit games on June 27 and the other July 4. The team had advertised all over town telling how the proceeds would go to the air-raid fund. In addition, they had gone around boasting how much they were going to make, and the boasts had finally become a formal pledge of ten dollars.

The thing would work two ways, they had reasoned. Not only would it be good for the town's fund, but it would call attention to the fact that the Junior Team could play a good game of baseball, even if it was made up of a bunch of K.B.'s—meaning kid brothers—a name a good many had tacked onto the team.

The first game had been played that afternoon and, while the audi-

ence had been fair-sized, it had been mostly children and only eighteen persons had paid. At ten cents each, that was a dollar and eighty cents, half of which had gone to Franklinville. The Junior Team, therefore, had only ninety cents, a pretty humiliating sum for nineteen fellows to turn in.

"We shouldn't ever have let anybody in free," said Jim.

Once before the team had charged a nickel for a game, but had let anyone in free who had arrived without money, feeling that it was better to have a good audience even if most of it didn't pay, rather than a small one with everybody paying. Today many children had come without money again. There wasn't any stopping the custom even at a benefit, and it'll be the same the Fourth!" the boys had realized.

"We've got to earn it some other way!" Brick said. "We can't go back on our pledge."

They turned the corner plumbly, and ran into Brick's brother, Fred.

"Well, bow's the K.B.?" Fred inquired. "Good game?"

"Swell! A tie!" said Bill. "You missed something!"

When Fred had passed, Brick said, "Don't anybody let on what we made! For once, let's keep our mouth shut."

As they came to Ed's yard, they saw Ed's dog, Snoopy, whose grandmother was a bloodhound, come

running out the front door. Mrs. Van Hoosten, seeing Ed, called out, "Keep him outdoors. He's tracked up the whole house!"

"How can I keep him outdoors?" asked Ed.

"You can't," said Brick, and caught Snoopy as he jumped up.

Everybody knew Snoopy's disposition. Being part bloodhound, he was always sniffing a trail clear out of the yard and down the street and then all over town. If left alone, he generally sniffed himself into gardens, sooner or later, and there were complaints, even if nothing was growing in the gardens.

The boys turned in at Ed's, going around to the barn behind the house. Inside, there was a pump and old traps.

"The dogs here go!" said Ed, putting Snoopy into the trough.

Ed began to pump water.

It wasn't the first time Ed had had to wash his dog, his mother being the way she was. So there was soap conveniently near, and old cloths for drying. Snoopy was soon a mass of lather.

"We could make money on base ball if people'd just realize they were getting their money's worth!" said Al.

"Sure! If!" said Ed, rinsing Snoopy. "You'd think they'd go to a benefit without caring if they got their money's worth, too! But they



won't! Not even for air-raid equipment." He rubbed Snoopy vigorously, then put him down upon the floor.

"He's clean enough now to go to a party!" said Doug.

"Listen!" Brick said. "Why couldn't we wash dogs? We've got a swell place here. There wouldn't be any competition the way there would be mowing lawns or weeding gardens. And—"

"Wash dogs!"

"Sure!" said Brick. "After this muddy spell, there ought to be a lot of dirty dogs in town. Now where?"

An hour later, Brick had been named business manager. Above the barn door was a sign reading:

DOG LAUNDRY

And the boys had decided upon a business policy. They would call for and deliver all dogs washed, charging fifteen cents for long-haired dogs, and ten for short-haired. And no dog would be done free.

Then Ed's mother called out that it was suppertime, and Ed had to go into the house. That reminded the others that it was probably the same in other households, too.

"Everybody above up bare Monday morning about seven-thirty," said Brick. "Business in the morning, baseball practice afternoons, see?" He added that they might feel out

customers in their various churches the next day, sort of get people with dogs lined up. Then they left for their respective houses.

Monday morning they were back again, several with promises of work. But Ed said, "Mom wants to know who's going to pay for the soap."

"Soap!" said Brick. Nobody had thought of that.

Finally they decided that no one family would miss one piece. So everybody went home and got one piece of soap. That made nineteen.

Also, everyone brought one or two towels, knowing that there'd be complaints if they took them all from one house. Then they scattered to collect dogs, leaving Brick in charge.

Russ was the first to arrive. He had Mrs. Green's Irish Setter. The dog wasn't quite finished when Jim arrived with a white fox terrier who, at sight of the setter, did some of the wildest, loudest barking Brick had ever heard. The setter growled and made as if to leap out of the trough and gobble up the smaller dog. Brick and Russ had all they could do to keep him where he belonged.

But the noise continued. That started Snoopy off, in the house. Snoopy howled and wailed and scratched at the window screen as if he'd like to get out and into a good, rip-roaring fight.

To make things worse, Ed arrived, carrying Mrs. Ford's white angora cat, the only thing he could get, he said. The cat, at sight of the dogs, began to spit and hunch herself up and claw at Ed's neck.

"What do you think I am, a pin cushion?" Ed shouted. "Somebody pull that cat off me."

Brick took the cat. Then, because she began to claw him, too, he stuck her in an empty barrel and laid a hand across the top.

But the dogs kept up the barking. Ed's mother came to the window and called out something. Nobody could hear what she said, but everyone knew it was *If they couldn't keep the dogs quiet, they could close up the shop*. The boys looked at each other helplessly.

Then Ed's grandfather came out of the house into the barn. He led Snoopy on the leash. "Keep 'em apart!" yelled Grandpa Van Hoosten. "Walk the extra ones around the block!" With that, he started off with Snoopy.

"Swell idea!" shouted Brick, above the setter's husky growl and the terrier's bark. "Get going, Jim. Hurry up!"

"I'm not a nursemaid!" complained Jim. But he started off with the few tender all the same.

Only then did the setter stop barking and the barn became itself. And then and there a new rule was born, from Grandpa's idea: whenever a dog was being washed and someone else arrived with another dog, the second one had to walk around a while. When convenient, they would have appointments so no two dogs would be present at once.

The setter as dry as possible, Russ said. "It was bruh him, too."

"Brushing takes time!" complained Brick. "It was bruh him or nothing," said Russ. "Mrs. Green

The Junior Team had the right stuff in them and Grandpa knew it

said all of that went with washing."

That ended it. They had to satisfy customers. Ed got a brush. They took turns brushing until the settee was sleek enough for a dog show. Then Russ started off to return him and collect the fifteen cents due.

Brick fished down into the barrel for the cat. When she came out she was gray instead of white, from the remains of ashes.

It took two washings to get the cat clean and then, after she had dried in the sun, her fur was so matted they knew they'd better not return her that way. So, after Jim had come back and they'd done the fox terrier, they brushed the cat, which took an age. It seemed as if every time two hairs got crossed, the cat would yell or claw somebody.

"No more cats!" said Brick.

Bill came with a dog which he said had to be washed in warm water. Ed heated some in the kitchen, but he came back with the information that after this they'd better heat it in the sun.

George came, saying he couldn't find a prospect, but he'd seen Grandpa, who was visiting a friend to rest himself. Grandpa had sent word back not to worry about Snoopy. He still had him.

Doug reported that he could get three dogs, but not until late afternoon. He'd turned them down on account of ball practice.

Brick figured up the morning's profits. Fifty cents. That wasn't enough. Fifty cents a morning through Friday would be only two dollars and a half. That, with the baseball money, was far from ten dollars, their pledge.

"All right, we work this afternoon, too!" they decided. "No hall practice." They had undertaken the job, and they were going to work until they had earned their pledge. They took turns going home for lunch.

About two, Grandpa came back. For once, Snoopy didn't bark.

"Thought you were going to have a game," remarked Grandpa.

"Nope," said Brick, and hussed himself with the ears of the dog he was washing.

"I was going to watch," said Grandpa.

Grandpa was the team's best stand-by. He was often on hand for practice, serving as umpire, and Saturday he had paid his dime at the benefit without the flicker of an eyelash.

"Some folks're wondering why you fellows're working so hard, all of a

sudden," Grandpa remarked mildly.

"Tell 'em it's none of their business!" snapped Brick. Then, realizing that it was probably Grandpa who had wanted to know, he added, "Well, the truth is, we're earning our pledge."

Doug yelled in from the street that he had another dog to wash and for Brick to hurry up with the one he was doing. He also said that Bill had a job at Mrs. Tremont's. Mrs. Tremont wouldn't have her dog washed anywhere but in her own bathtub.

"Suits me!" said Brick.

Grandpa continued, "Some thought it was baseball that was earning your pledge."

At that Russ and Brick and every-

town feeling sorry for them! That was the last straw.

Tuesday and Wednesday business came in very well. But more and more people made it a point to say they were going to the game on the Fourth. Grandpa didn't show up much, but when he did, he pretended he didn't know anything about it.

But Grandpa did drop little remarks such as that he'd heard so-and-so was going to the game, or that so-and-so had asked him what time the game was, all to prove that the boys were wrong about the town's thinking they weren't any good as baseball players. He kept saying last Saturday was just a busy day and he'd bet there'd be a crowd on the Fourth.

The team stood it as long as it could. Then it reached its great decision. The next time Grandpa began telling about so-and-so, and that was Thursday afternoon, Brick blurted out, "Well, sir, the game's called off! We're not playing on the Fourth!" They informed him that they'd telephoned Frankville and called off the game. They'd gone around town and pulled all the announcements down. And they'd hung a huge sign out in front of the First National Bank saying that the game was officially called off.

And Brick said, "Listen, Grandpa, the team can't take people's money just because people're sorry for us! So the game's off!"

What they did not tell Grandpa was that the team was going to Frankville, so Frankville wouldn't be disappointed, and play a free game there.

Grandpa sat there a minute, so quiet that it hurt. Then he came to life with a spurt, shouting that the boys were crazy if they thought he'd gone around making people sorry for them. He got up and marched into the house, and then called the same thing out a window and slammed the window shut.

But the Junior Team was solid, to a man. The game was off.

Friday afternoon Brick figured everything up, announcing that the laundry business had brought in eleven dollars and eighty-five cents. With the ninety from the game, they had twelve dollars and seventy-five cents. Al took the money sack over to the bank and turned it over to Mr. Tibbets, chairman of the drive. Returning, he said the drive had gone over the top. The town had made more than it had asked for.

The next day was the Fourth. After the [continued on page 328]

MEN OF THE AIR

ELEANOR GRAHAM

They are the brothers of the wind,
The pilots of the air.
Their eyes have seen the stars unpinned,
And watched the moon's cold stare.

Remember them each time you pray,
Each time their wings flash by,
And send your thoughts along their way—
For us, for us they fly!

one present blurted out how the town wouldn't support a benefit, how people thought the boys couldn't play a good game, how nobody had ever given the team a chance to show its value.

"Well, you can play!" said Grandpa, indignantly. "So! Only eighteen in the stingy, good-for-nothing town paid admission!"

He soon went into the house, but during the afternoon Brick saw him go out again, stalking down the street importantly.

Around four, Bill and Al burst into the barn with, "You know what? It leaked out how we made only ninety cents, and how we have to make our pledge slaving on these dogs and cats. You should hear! All over town!"

"Grandpa!" said Brick.

"A lot of mothers and fathers're saying we can count on them next Saturday! Going out of their way! Feeling sorry for us!"

"That's awful!" said Brick. Grandpa had apparently gone around, trying to make people ashamed of themselves, with every good intention. But he'd brought only humiliation to the team. The

Let's Find a Book

By Lena Barksdale

LEONARDO DA VINCI lived in the fifteenth century, but we who live in the twentieth century are closer to him in many ways than most of his contemporaries were. That sounds as fantastic as one of those believe-it-or-not statements, but when you read *Man with Wings*, by Joseph Cottler (Little; \$2.50), you will see how true it is.

Perhaps you think of Leonardo as an artist, and he was a very great artist, with true originality and consummate craftsmanship, and his pictures are among the most famous in the world. While most of the great artists of his day were concerning themselves chiefly with color and lovely tints, Leonardo was busy sketching facial expressions in the

his time fooling around inventing mechanical contrivances that nobody had any use for? After he was dead people forgot his inventions, and nobody even bothered to read his notebooks for several hundred years. By that time many scientific discoveries had been made and other people had got around to inventing machines similar to those that Leonardo had designed long ago.

Men have always wanted to fly, but so far as we know no one ever studied the problem of flight as seriously and intelligently as Leonardo did until the Wright brothers were ready to construct the first successful airplane. Leonardo studied the flight of birds for years, and tried to make wings like theirs that would carry him through the air. He was really convinced that flying was possible when others thought it was only a silly dream. Leonardo da Vinci was one of the great men of all time, and today we salute him as the man with wings, wings of vision and genius. From his story we can learn something of the range of a well-informed and well-directed mind when it is free to develop and accomplish fine things. Many interesting photographs illustrate the book.



Misses Lee
(Macmillan)

street and finding out in the dissecting room how the human body is put together. He was a discoverer always and many of his discoveries had nothing whatever to do with painting. Once he designed a model city where people could live in cleanliness and comfort, but he couldn't find anyone who was willing to build such a city. He designed all sorts of things which have come into use in modern times, such as armored tanks, machine guns, and diving suits. The people of his day thought these things were interesting as curiosities, but they didn't think they had any practical value. When a man could paint so beautifully, they said, why should he waste

IF THE Swallows and Amazons and all the other delightful people that Arthur Ransome writes about are friends of yours, you will be delighted to know that he has a new book *Misses Lee* (Macmillan; \$2.50). If you don't know them this is a fine time to become acquainted. In this book they are cruising in the Pacific in the *Sea Gull* with Captain Flint. They have just left their hundredth port when disaster overtakes them. The ship catches on fire, and they have to take to their boats somewhere off the China coast. They think they are probably in the waters infested by the fierce Chinese pirates who take their orders from a queer Chinese woman, known as Misses Lee. From this moment the excitement mounts steadily higher, and I wouldn't for the world even hint at the nature of the remarkable adventures that await them when they reach land. You had better save this book for a nice rainy day because you won't want to put it down until you know exactly how they got out of their strange predicament.



Way Down Cellar
(Dodd, Mead)

YOU may have seen trained sea lions doing their stuff in a show or on the screen, but you probably never got behind the scenes to find out how they were trained. If you read a book called *Paddles*, by Edward B. Tracy (Putnam; \$2), you will go behind the scenes with Ole and his friend Carl, and then you will understand all the patient work and encouragement that made Paddles the smartest sea lion in captivity. Of course, all the training in the world couldn't produce such results if the sea lion wasn't a remarkably intelligent and responsive animal, so the author begins his hook by telling about Paddles' early life on and around New Year's Island off the California coast, where his mother taught him to swim, to elude his enemies, and to catch fish for his living. This is a very entertaining book, and Paddles had some thrilling adventures both before and after he became famous.

A BOOK that is a perfect riot of fun is *Way Down Cellar*, by Phil Stong (Dodd; \$2). It tells about three lively boys who live in a Connecticut town where there is an old Colonial church which, in the old days people [continued on page 323]



Twenty Little Fibres
(Messner)

Just a Stone's Throw

BY ESTHER GREENACRE HALL

Author of *Mario and the Chuna*, etc.



with disgust. "Do not let that silly bird bother your grandfather," he warned. "Don Santos is very old and very rich and very hard to please. He does not even like me." Mario's father paused a moment, as though trying to understand how such a thing were possible. "If you please him, some day he may remember our poor family well. *Adios*, little dry bean."

Forlornly Mario stared after the horse and its plump rider. He had expected his father to go inside with him. Now he must meet this stranger, his grandfather, alone. He squeezed Tiro close for comfort and pushed open the gate. The walled

THE scrawny pinto ambled wearily down the dusty street of the Argentine town. Mario slumped dejectedly behind his father, who rode in the saddle. Cradled in the hoy's arms, a long-necked bird, a cbuna, slumbered peacefully. Mario's arms ached from holding his heavy pet, but he dared not move them. Awake, Tiro was not easy to hold.

"Ahi, here we are at last," the man exclaimed as they stopped before a gate in a high, adobe wall. "Beyond, your grandfather's house awaits you. It is fine place. You will spend a happy month here. *Si*, you are very fortunate. Is it not so?"

Mario did not answer. His throat felt hot and parched as the Argentine plains he had just left. He loved those plains and the little rancho that was home. He had never visited the town before. He had seen his grandfather only twice in all his twelve years. Everything would be strange here—everything except his pet.

"Come. Get down, my little dry bean," his father was saying impatiently.

Mario edged backward and slid expertly off the horse's tail. As he landed, his bare feet sent little puffs of warm dust swirling away. The jar awakened Tiro. With an odd noise, half-bark, half-squawk, the bird struggled to get down. But Mario clutched him firmly.

Mario's father eyed the chuna



"Abi, it is very good," he mumbled

enclosure into which he stepped was the neatest, prettiest place he had ever seen. At the rancho the ground was littered with rusty tin cans and bleached bones. Here the earth was packed hard and smooth and swept clean. Red and yellow flowers blazed in beds that surrounded the patio, or central square.

In a patch of shade in one corner of the patio an old man was sitting on a chair. Hesitantly Mario advanced.

"I do not wish to buy any chickens," the old man called out irritably. "Take the fowl away."

Mario stared in surprise. Grandfather Santos' large, gray beard was thrust forward from his broad shoul-



"*Tbief, pirate, get out of my tree!*"

ders. His black eyes blinked against the setting sun.

"I do not come to sell chickens," Mario said clearly. Perhaps the siejo, the old one, had bad ears as well as poor eyes. "I am Mario Gomez."

"Mario? Oh, Mario! *Si, si*. Of course. Step closer. Ah, now I observe you look like your good mother. You are, I trust, in no way like that lazy father of yours. Are you not small for your age?"

The boy nodded. "That is why they call me little dry bean."

The man's face softened. "A stupid name. I shall not call you that."

Mario smiled his thanks. Perhaps this gruff siejo was not so bad, after all. At that moment, Tiro wriggled loose from Mario's arms. With a jubilant squawk he skinned across the patio.

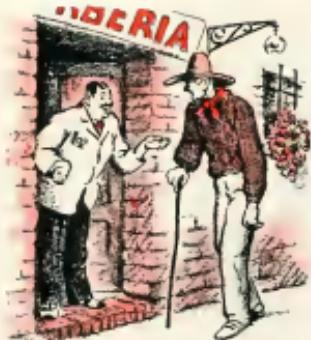
Grandfather Santos scowled. "Do my eyes fail me or is that a cbuna?" he shouted.

"Si, Grandfather. It is a cbuna. But it is a very good cbuna. I have had it since it was a small bird. It is my pet."

"The only good cbunas are dead cbunas," the grandfather grunted.



The stone struck a water jug



Grandfather departed for the Square

"I suppose this chuna, like all others, throws rocks."

Mario admitted that was true. That was why he had named the bird Tiro, which means a throw or a shot. But Tiro, he explained, was very well behaved with his rock throwing. He only threw pebbles where Mario wanted him to.

The old man did not look convinced. "I do not like chunas," he said. "Your father should never have let you bring this one here. Where is your lazy father?"

"He could not stop. He had much business at the Square."

"Bah," snorted Dom Santos. "He did not wish to see me. Or maybe he feared I would send the chuna home with him. Perhaps he does not like the chuna either?"

Mario hung his head. It was true that his father found Tiro a nuisance.

"Do you like peaches?" Grandfather asked a little more kindly. Mario looked up eagerly, and his Grandfather pointed to a tree that grew close by the high wall separating the yard from the one next door. "Pick yourself some fruit if that



"We'll see how clever you are!"

thief, that pirate next door, has left any."

By standing on tiptoe, Mario was able to pluck three peaches. He squatted down beside his Grandfather and ate greedily. There were no fruit trees at the rancho. His black eyes snapped with delight as rich sweetness filled his mouth. Thick juice trickled down his chin. "Ahi, it is very good," he mumbled, sucking on the stone before he spat it out.

"You might as well enjoy the little fruit that remains," Dom Santos said bitterly. He thumped the ground with his cane. "A plague upon my robbing neighbor, that Carlos Cruz, and his wife. Behold that peach tree, my son. Does it not grow in my own soil?"

"Si, si," Mario nodded.



Mario hastened to prepare mate

His Grandfather sighed heavily. "Alma, the branches are wide. They spread across the wall above Señor Cruz's yard and . . ." The old man's hand gripped the boy's shoulder. "Hist . . . even now!" he whispered.

Breathless, Mario watched. The tree was shaking slightly. A protesting rustle came from the shiny leaves. And then through a gap in the branches a large straw hat appeared. Ripe fruit, dislodged, plopped to the ground. At the sound, Grandfather Santos' face puffed with anger.

"Away, you dog!" he shouted. He rose and hobbled toward the wall. "Thief, pirate . . . get out of my tree!" He waved his cane futilely above his head.

From high in the branches came cackling laughter. A sly, wrinkled face grimmed down through the leaves. Then the thief raised his arm and a ripe peach buried downward. It landed on Grandfather

Santos' shoulder and spattered all over his clean blue shirt. With a loud oath, the old man stumbled back.

Just then something pinged against the wall near the tree. Mario swung about. Excited by all the confusion, the chuna was throwing. Even now he had a peach stone in his beak. He drew back his long, skinny neck just as a boy draws back his arm before throwing a ball.

"Tiro. Enough!" Mario shouted.

But he was too late. The bird's neck shot swiftly forward. The peach stone sped across the patio toward the *exramada*, the porch. It struck a pottery jug and snapped off the handle.

Grandfather Santos' red face turned purple. "*Diablo!*" he belled. "Is not a thief enough trouble? A thousand curses on that evil bird. I knew he would make mischief. I'll wring his neck. That I will!" He started to hobble toward the bird. Tiro cocked his head impudently at his pursuer. Then he darted nimbly away. From the tree came loud, gleeful chuckles.

Next morning Mario sat alone on the *exramada*. Sadly he watched Tiro darting about looking for lizards and insects. Grandfather Santos had departed for the Square.

"I go to find a new owner for that bad chuna," he had told Mario. "Chunas are not often seen in the town. Their evil ways are not well known. Some stupid boy will be pleased to have this one for a pet."

Mario had not argued. One did not argue with a great *viejo* like Grandfather Santos. Mario pondered his problem gloomily. He might leave here with Tiro and tramp the long miles home to the rancho. But Father would be furious if he re-

Pictures by J. M. de Aragon



"Help me down. Help!" he cried

turned. Mario shivered, imagining the scene. If only Tiro had not broken the jug. If only he had hit that thief instead of the jug. Suddenly Mario's eyes narrowed in thought. He nodded to himself, then jumped up and ran in the house.

From the wall inside he snatched his grandfather's old straw hat. "This shall be a target in the tree for my Tiro," he told himself excitedly. "Each time he hits this hat, I shall reward him. Ahi, a bit of meat he shall have. That will please him."

From a dish on the table Mario fished out some scraps of mutton. Then he ran into the patio. "Come, Tiro, my sweet one," he called softly. "Now we shall see how clever you really are."

Grandfather Santos was in fine spirits when he returned from the Square. "The son of my friend the barber will take the chuna," he announced. "The barber is very pleased by my generosity. We will take the bird to him in the cool of the evening. Now let us drink mate and eat."

Mario hastened to prepare mate, the South American tea, and to warm up the *puchero* for dinner. The *puchero* was finer than any food at the rancho. Mutton, rice, peppers, onions, and corn on the cob all mingled together in rich gravy. But Mario scarcely touched his bowl. He was too nervous to eat.

"Did the thief appear this morning?" Dom Santos asked as he gnawed on a dripping ear of corn.

"No, señor."

"Then he waits to steal while I rest," Grandfather decided. "He must often sleep in the morning so he can be awake while I take my siesta."

"I will not sleep," Mario offered. "I will guard while you rest."

"Si, that is well. And guard me from that chuna's stones also!"

As soon as the old man was snoring on the cot on the *erumada*, Mario gathered a handful of pebbles. His pants pocket was already filled with bits of meat saved from his dinner. With Tiro on his lap, Mario sat down near the cot. He was ready.

Sunshine, hot as mate, poured into the cup of the patio. Dom Santos snored peacefully. Tiro poked his head beneath his master's arm and dozed. It was all that Mario could do to keep his own eyes from closing.

All at once the boy raised his head. Something was scraping the other side of the wall. A ladder, perhaps? Now the peach tree branches were waving and whispering. Dislodged fruit squashed on the earth. Mario shook his head into wakefulness.

"The hat, Tiro. Watch for the

hat," he whispered. "Ahi, there it is. Now watch me throw." Mario threw one of his pebbles at the branches. Tiro cocked his head apportioning.

"Now you shall throw," Mario told him. He released the chuna and held out his handful of pebbles. Tiro chose one, took swift aim and cracked his neck back and forward. There was a surprised grunt from the tree. The chuna looked expectantly at the boy. Mario beamed as he tossed meat to his pet. "Ahi, that is fine. Good Tiro!" he whispered.

Then he jumped up and gently shook Dom Santos' shoulder.

"Wake up, señor," he said softly. "Awake. The thief is here."

With surprising quickness the old man got to his feet. He opened his mouth to shout wrathfully, but Mario tugged at his arm. "Be still, I beg of you, señor," he said. "I have a plan. Watch the chuna. Please!"

Surprised by the excitement in the boy's face and voice, the grandfather closed his mouth and looked at the chuna.

"Come, Tiro. Another shot," Mario hissed and pretended to toss a pebble toward the branches. "The hat. Hit the hat, Tiro," he ordered.

The chuna took another proffered pebble. He ran into the patio and peered at the tree. Through the branches a straw hat was slowly moving upward. Tiro took quick aim. There was a dull ping of stone against straw.

"Diablo!" a voice in the tree exclaimed.

Mario tossed another pebble to Tiro . . . another . . . and another.

Tiro snatched them up and passed them on. Faster and faster they flew.

The thief in the tree forgot to be quiet. "My hat! *Diablo!* My poor head! My eye, it is hit. I am blinded. Anna, Anna, help me down. Where is that slow wife of mine? Anna, help . . ." The words were drowned by the loud cracking of wood. Señor Cruz was descending without the help of his wife. Snapping branches and falling fruit marked his downward progress that ended in a heavy thud on the other side of the wall.

Dom Santos jumped around the patio like a boy, waving his cane jubilantly in the air. "He is punished. The thief is punished," he chortled. He turned to the wall and shouted meaningfully, "Let bad ones take warning. Even harder stones will fly next time."

Loud groans and a woman's excited cries were the only answers. "It is a wonder you are not dead," the woman's voice came clearly. "A thousand praises that you can stand."

"Ahi, I can stand," Señor Cruz groaned. "But I am covered with a thousand bruises. Carefully now, foolish woman. Help me to the house."

Tiro took one last throw at the tree. Then with a proud air he sauntered off to the shade to rest. Mario wiped his hot face on his sleeve. His heart was big with pride in his pet. But his eyes watched his grandfather anxiously.

Dom Santos limped to the *erumada* and sank down on his cot. Suddenly he began to laugh. His great frame and that of the cot as well shook with his mirth. At last he wiped his eyes on his red bandana and looked up at his grandson. From his hip pocket he drew out a leather pouch heavy with coins. Carefully he selected a coin and held it out.

"I observe that your chuna likes meat," he grinned. "This poor house has nothing but scraps left in it . . . nothing worthy of so fine a bird. Go to the butcher on the Square and buy fresh, tender mutton for our pet. And stop at the butcher's on the way, my Mario. Tell him that Dom Santos regrets that he can not part with his chuna."

A slow, hilful smile spread from Mario's black eyes to his full, red lips. "Si, si, señor," he answered. He flashed a happy glance at the sleeping Tiro. Then he ran to the gate.

Behind him the old man shouted gaily. "And do not worry about the chuna in your absence. I myself shall guard him. I myself shall see that no harm comes to our fine bird."

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★ HELP OUR GOVERNMENT ★
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and Bonds
for
Victory
★



United States Rubber Company

We can help the Government by being careful of the rubber articles we own

ALL of us—men and women, boys and girls—want to do everything we can to help win this war. One of the most vital products in the war effort is rubber. In a thousand places this magic substance is needed. Tires for airplanes, for example, take from 35 to 96 pounds each; a 28-ton tank 1,750 pounds; a 35,000-ton battleship 150,000 pounds of rubber.

With very nearly all of America's natural rubber supply in the East Indies cut off by war in the Pacific, we can all do our bit for our country by taking careful care of every rubber article we own so it will last as long as possible. The rubber companies are working as fast as possible to speed a synthetic supply, but right now the situation is desperate. We must all conserve. Remember that the great enemies to the long life of rubber articles are heat, sunlight, oil, grease, and gasoline. Therefore, if we will keep our rubber away from them as much as we can, it will give them longer life.

None of us like do's and don'ts, but because rubber care is very important these days, our scientists have drawn up this set of rules to help us do the right thing at the right time.

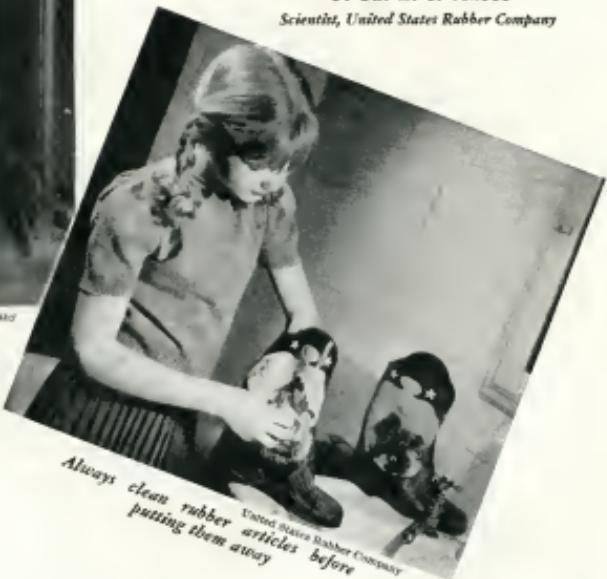
DON'TS

1. Don't place rubber articles near heat.

Take Care of that RUBBER!

BY DR. M. C. LEAGUE

Scientist, United States Rubber Company



Always clean rubber articles before putting them away
United States Rubber Company

2. Don't allow them to get near oil, grease, or gasoline.
3. Don't let them stand in sunlight.
4. Don't hang them over sharp objects or in any manner that will cause permanent strain.
5. Don't store carelessly in a wrinkled or creased condition.

DO'S

1. Dry off rubber goods slowly at room temperature.
2. Drain thoroughly all rubber articles holding liquids or ice. Blow in air and quickly screw stopper in tightly.
3. Always clean rubber articles before putting away.
4. Provide in your home a convenient dry closet away from heat and light for the storage of your most commonly used rubber goods.



United States Rubber Company

See that your tires are kept free from oil and that the air pressure is checked twice a week

Hiking Right

BY ELON JESSUP

Wear old clothes and good sensible shoes, travel light, and walk with your whole body

ONE of the finest accomplishments any boy or girl campers has now coming into its own. It's yours for the asking, free as air, devoid of all restrictions, as natural as breathing and almost as easy. It is the capacity for taking a good walk.

And can't it show you places! Even when family car was running on more regular schedule than at present the car couldn't be expected to crash through a stand of timber or hoist you up a craggy hill or tilted mountain trail. You may recall that the most interesting spots could be reached only afoot. Let's forget about the car and devote ourselves to walking.

But do it properly. Oddly enough, many people have never learned to walk. I'll tell you a pretty good test. If a person says he hates walking the chances are he doesn't know how to walk. If he



By Elon Jessup

If you hike right you don't end up with that all-in feeling!

walks well, you'll probably find he loves it. That's only logical. We usually enjoy the things we do well.

One small detail makes a great deal of difference. It's the manner in which you plant the advancing foot on the ground. People that point their toes out are bound to be bad walkers. It's not natural. They tire out in no time at all, maybe even get crotchety and wish they hadn't come. But it's rarely so with people that habitually walk with feet pointing forward. This is the only natural position; to plant a foot on ground with toes pointed straight ahead in line of march. That's where you wish to go, isn't it? Straight ahead.

Details like this can spell the difference between keen enjoyment and wishing you'd stayed at home. There are others. Front rank among such must be given to the condition of your feet. They need to be tough and strong. Exercising them is the best road to that; walking shorter distances regularly—regularly, I said—near home before taking on a really long hike. It will also help to toughen them if you bathe them in salted water on the evening before a hike.

But of first importance is proper footgear. It's on this point many walkers go wrong. You know how grand it feels to walk barefoot on a smooth lawn,



Drawing by Pauline Pritchard

Plant your feet with toes pointed straight ahead. That's where you're going, isn't it?

Do you know why some people toe-out? Usually because they walk with their legs and feet. Perhaps you think this a curious answer. It really isn't. Walking when properly done takes in all of you, body and arms along with legs and feet. You have to loosen up all over to get into the game. That's how to arrive at the home lap without an all-in feeling. And by the way, whenever that tired feeling comes on, go down in your knees as you walk, bend them more, all the way through the stride, let them go agreeably loose. Let your whole body go loose.

Details like this can spell the difference between keen enjoyment and wishing you'd stayed at home. There are others. Front rank among such must be given to the condition of your feet. They need to be tough and strong. Exercising them is the best road to that; walking shorter distances regularly—regularly, I said—near home before taking on a really long hike. It will also help to toughen them if you bathe them in salted water on the evening before a hike.

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By Elon Jessup

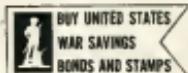
Your two feet will take you where a car can't go

Usually feet have to be protected. I'm not recommending a barefoot hike. Yet, that's the sort of foot-comfort target to aim for. In other words, footgear that will give as much of that feel as possible.

Wear wool stockings or socks, in summer thin wool. They may sound hot, but they're not. And they are much easier on feet than cotton. As for shoes, never wear new ones, or at least until they have been thoroughly broken in. How the shoes look doesn't matter. Something that will get you there and back without punishing or weighing down the feet is what counts. This eliminates anything higher than an inch—and preferably less—in the way of a heel. Wear good substantial shoes of a good make that takes into account the real shape of the foot.

It's how the shoes will feel toward the end of a hike, not at the beginning that is important. Here's where many get in wrong. Feet swell, grow larger with exercise and toes continually creep forward. The worst fault a walking shoe can have is shortness. A shoe ought to have heaps of spare room in its entire front part, room enough for toes to remain separated from one another and room to creep forward. The rear is different. Around heel and over instep the shoe ought to fit fairly snugly. Blisters may start from chafing if it doesn't.

Lastly, it's fun to carry a pack on the back—but not too much of a pack. A lot of knick-knacks may individually weigh only ounces, but the ounces soon add up into pounds. Whenever you travel afoot, let "go-light" be your everlasting motto. You'll be sorry if you don't.



Be a partner of Uncle Sam and help win the war

For Our Soldiers and Sailors

By Verna Grisier McCully

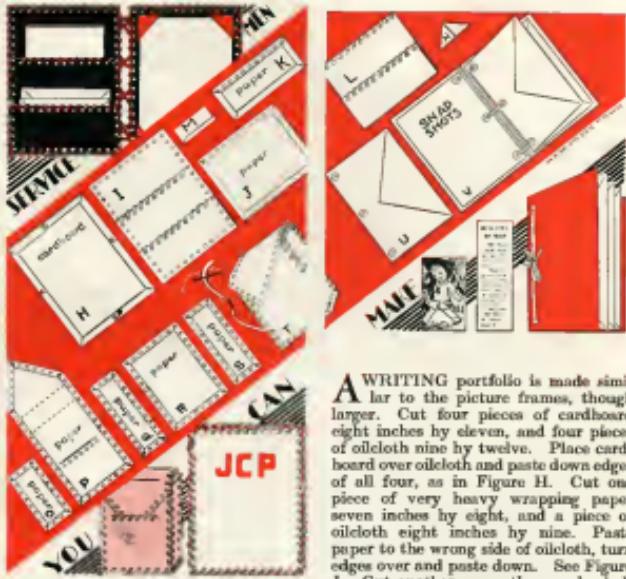
Pictures by the author

ONE of the best ways to celebrate the Fourth this year is to remember someone you know in the Army or Navy: your father, brother, uncle, cousin, or neighbor. You can make a useful present for him. At least write a letter, preferably a neighbor-



hood letter. Begin it by telling about your own doings. Have Mother add a paragraph, then ask other members of your family and neighbors' families each to add a short paragraph telling about their own activities.

ONE of the best gifts is a small pocket picture frame, holding two photographs. If you have some real leather left from pre-war days, use that. Otherwise buy oilcloth or other leather substitute. Shiny oilcloth will do, but a rough-surfaced finish is a little better, —brown for Army, dark blue for Navy. Cut four pieces of cardboard each four inches by five. Cut one piece of oilcloth six inches by nine and a half. Cut muslin six inches by three. Paste the muslin straight across the center of the oilcloth, on the wrong side. Then place two pieces of cardboard side by side, on the oilcloth and half an inch apart, letting muslin show between. This leaves half an inch of oilcloth extending all around.



See Figure A. Cut the oilcloth corners diagonally. Then turn over all four edges (a-a-a-a) and paste down. In Figure A the top and right-hand edges are shown pasted down.

From the exact center of the other two cardboards, cut holes two inches by three, leaving an inch-wide frame all around. For each cardboard, cut oilcloth five inches by six. Cut corners diagonally. Cut a center hole one inch by two and slash in from the corners. Place cardboard on the wrong side of the oilcloth, like Figure B. Paste down all oilcloth edges (h and c) as in Figure D. Fix both cardboards this way. Then turn sections B and D right side up and place them over A. They will fit, leaving the half-inch space down the center.

Around the four sides rule line with pencil, one-quarter inch from the edge. Beginning at each corner, mark dots along this line, three-eighths of an inch apart. (See Figure F.) With a paper or leather punch, make holes placed so a pencil dot is at the center of each hole. Punch through both layers so holes match. For lacing, cut oilcloth, the same or contrasting color, in strips three-sixteenths of an inch wide, first marking pencil lines on the wrong side, using a ruler. Or use narrow tape or shoestrings. Thread through a large darning needle and lace as in Figure E. Lace corners twice, like Figure G. Leave inside edges open for inserting the pictures. Initials can be cut in a harmonizing color and pasted on the front.



A WRITING portfolio is made similar to the picture frames, though larger. Cut four pieces of cardboard eight inches by eleven, and four pieces of oilcloth nine by twelve. Place cardboard over oilcloth and paste down edges of all four, as in Figure H. Cut one piece of very heavy wrapping paper seven inches by eight, and a piece of oilcloth eight inches by nine. Paste paper to the wrong side of oilcloth, turn edges over and paste down. See Figure J. Cut another paper three and a half inches by eight, and oilcloth four and a half by nine and paste as in K. Punch holes along one side of both J and K, a quarter-inch from the edge and three-eighths inch apart. Lace.

Place two oilcloth-covered cardboard pieces (Figure H) back to back. Place K right side up over J, also right side up, and place both at the bottom of the pair of covered cardboards. Punch holes all around the edges, first measuring, and making sure that holes match through all thicknesses. Figure I. Lace all around the edge. This makes pockets for paper and envelopes, as illustrated.

Place remaining two pieces of cardboard together, oilcloth out, punch holes around the four sides and lace. Cut four pieces of heavy paper four inches by two, and four of oilcloth four inches by two and a half. Paste paper on back of oilcloth and fold up edge as in Figure M. Fold over corners like Figure N. Paste seam side down, to

[continued on page 334]





CORKY and the Comanches

BY E. W. BAKER

In the early days of West Texas, away back in the '70's, Corky awoke one morning just as dawn was beginning to show faintly in the east. He got out of his blankets and stood up. In every direction the wide rolling plains of the Texas Panhandle stretched gray and dim to the horizon. Wade was still sleeping, wrapped in his blanket. Corky pulled away the cover and looked down tenderly at his partner's unconscious face.

Ever since Corky's father had died about a year before, Wade had been Corky's unfailing friend, and indeed the only one he had in the world. The two had hunted buffalo together, had an occasional brush with a few roving Comanche Indians, and lived a comfortable, healthful, exciting life which boy and man had enjoyed immensely.

In the eyes of twelve-year-old Corky, Wade was well-nigh perfect.

Corky shook him out of his blankets.

"Get up, Wade!" he cried. "Let's make an early start! We've got to travel to Cleas Fork today. I'll pack while you rustle some breakfast."

Wade leaped up with a whoop.

"All right! All right!" he shouted. "Vamoose, you little red-head! I'll have breakfast ready in one shake of a sheep's tail!"

Dodging and shrieking, Corky eluded the sweep of Wade's long arms, and ran to hitch up the horses. That done, into the wagon he packed the old carpet bag containing his and Wade's clothes, Wade's old accordion, the two extra blankets, the sack of lead for bullets and the keg of powder, the sack of flour, the big jug of molasses—and all

the rest of their familiar possessions.

After their breakfast of broiled antelope steak, hot sourdough biscuits, and strong hot coffee, they started off gaily toward the Double Mountain region, with no intimation of the peril the day was to bring.

They had not gone far when the steady clop-clop of the horses' hoofs and the jostling of the wagon over the rough ground was interrupted by a heavier jolt and a sharp crack. The wagon listed and clumped to one side.

"Wheel busted, hy jiminy!" exclaimed Wade, and leaped out to see. Corky climbed out and stood beside him, and together they looked ruefully at not only a split spoke, but a cracked axle.

Wade whistled reflectively. "There's some wire in the wagon," he said. "Maybe I can patch it up to do till we can get to camp."

"We passed a place awhile ago, you remember," said Corky hopefully, "that looked as if it might have been a dugout once, where there was an old, broken-down wagon a-sitting? Reckon maybe I could get a wheel off it?"

"Well, maybe-so. You might," responded Wade. "While I work on this, suppose you take one of the horses and go on."

"I ain't very far," said Corky. "I'll be back before it's an hour hy sun."

Just as he had hoped, Corky found the wheels of the old wagon still sound. It took some time and a good deal of exertion to get one of them off; but finally he was able to hang it on his arm and start on the return trip. As he mounted each rise, he looked eagerly ahead for a reassuring glimpse of his partner. Finally he saw him, far away, a tiny speck, beside the crippled wagon.

Thinking how pleased Wade would

A true story out of Texas

be with the whole wheel he was bringing, Corky paused and drew in a few lungfuls of the cool, sage-scented air. The sun was just coming up, tinting the sky with the gorgeous copper, pink, and green which Texas sunrises often exhibit. Suddenly he saw something that made his heart almost stand still.

Coming over the rise between him and the rosy east, not in single file as usual, but spread out fanwise in war formation, appeared a band of Comanche warriors. All abreast they stood up against that glowing sky, their war bonnets magnified until to Corky, astounded by this sudden peril, they seemed more than human.

For an instant he was paralyzed with fright. Then he took lightning stock of the situation. The Indians had not seen him yet; nor had they seen Wade, hidden from them by a shoulder of the prairie. If he tried to reach Wade, they would certainly intercept him and kill them both. With the quarter-mile start he had be might, by running his horse, be able to save himself. But Wade, taken unaware, Wade would most likely be killed. Corky's heart swelled with a great sob as he thought of his friend.

There was only one chance to save Wade. Corky took it. Flinging away the wheel, he reined in his horse until it reared on its haunches, gave one wild piercing cry to attract the Indians, then wheeled and ran for his life, hoping to lead the Comanches away from Wade. The instant yells of the savages told him that he was being pursued.

Wildly he raced along, looking frantically for a chance to hide. The smooth rolling waves of the prairie afforded none. The only cover he could see was the hole that had once been a dugout. Its roof had long since fallen in, so that there was little more than an open hole, walled in on three sides by earth-hut on the fourth shielded only by overhanging mesquite brush. Into this slight shelter he dashed and dropped behind his horse.

Never before had he met Indians single-handed. Never before had he encountered so large a body of Indians. Always there had been Wade to direct, to keep up Corky's courage with his hearty voice and his reassuring presence. Now Corky was alone. He saw no possible chance of escape. He was in desperate terror. A vision of Wade's friendly, laughing face swam before his mind's eye, and he prayed that Wade might escape.

Crouching behind the horse and the tangled mesquite brush, Corky awaited the final rush that he felt sure would be death.

High and triumphant the yells arose. Then suddenly they ceased. Instead of growing louder, the booms of the ponies died away. Corky could not believe his ears. Some trick, he thought, to make him expose himself. He lay tense and listened. Only the sough of the wind in the grass; only the wavering yip of a distant coyote. Cautiously he chipped out a nick of the packsand and looked around.

Off to the northwest, the Comanches to a man were running away! Astonished, unable to believe his eyes, he

looked around for some cause of their flight.

The sight that met his gaze made him gasp and wonder if he were losing his mind. For from over a right to the south came five huge, ungainly shapes, traveling with long, slouching strides, their backs humped, their long necks outstretched. Corky blinked, wrinkled his freckled nose, rubbed his eyes, and looked again.

"Camels!" he exclaimed. "If those aren't camels I'm an Irishman! But who ever heard of camels in Texas? They belong in Africa, and 'way back in Bible times!"

Corky stared until Indians and camels had disappeared in the blue-gray distance. Then mounting his horse, he started back to Wade. Stopping only to pick up the wheel, he ran his horse all the way back to the wagon and to Wade.

All unconcerned, Wade straightened up at the sound of the hoofbeats.

"Hey, boy, what's the matter?" he exclaimed, as he caught sight of Corky's lathered horse and white, drawn face. How good his hearty voice sounded in Corky's ears! How comforting his strong arm about a small boy's shoulders!

When Corky had poured out his amazing story, Wade exclaimed, "I don't know where these camels come from, but if the Comanches are on the war path, we'd better lose no time

getting out of these plains. You could hardly bide a prairie dog here, much less a wagon. We'll fix this wheel and get on as fast as we can to Double Mountain. There's good shelter there."

They lost no time in getting started and traveled all day, stopping only to water their horses. About dusk they came to an encampment of soldiers and were halted by an outpost. One guard took charge of their team, while another conducted them to the headquarters of the commander.

"General McKenzie," said the soldier, saluting, "these folks have just come in from the country we're headed for, and had a brush with the Indians. I thought you might like to question them."

In answer to General McKenzie's kindly questions, Corky told of his adventure.

"And now, General McKenzie," he concluded, "what I'd like to know is, where'd those camels come from?"

"They must've been some of Jeff Davis' camels," replied the General. "Shortly before the War between the States, you know, Davis, then the Secretary of War, persuaded Congress to import camels from Africa and the Near East. Two boatloads were actually landed on the coast of Texas. Davis thought they could be used for transportation across those long sandy stretches southwest of here, where water is so [continued on page 327]

*The sight that met his eyes,
made him gasp in wonder*



Pictures by L. B. Hazelton



Courtesy Beer Rabbit New Orleans Mimosas

Louisiana Rice Pudding



A VICTORY FOOD SALE

WITH SUGAR-RATIONED RECIPES

By Lois Rossman

ON the morning of the Fourth of July, Mr. Fuller donated his store window to the local branch of the CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League, for its food sale. Nan and the other girls in the league had been busy the day before making cakes and cookies, rolls and muffins, and now the large show window was filled with tempting baked goods. A sign announced

VICTORY FOOD SALE

BUY A BUN AND
HELP TO BUY A BOND

A parade was starting and people who came to watch it stopped to buy the pastry, and they had the pleasure of knowing that their money was also buying a War Bond, for that is what the Good Citizens were going to do with the money they earned.

The girls used as little sugar as possible in baking, but dried fruit, molasses, and honey were available.

RAISIN CORNMEAL STICKS

½ cup raisins	¼ cup sugar
2 cups cornmeal	1 cup buttermilk
1 cup sifted flour	1 teaspoon soda
3 teaspoons baking powder	2 eggs
1 teaspoon salt	¾ cup melted shortening

Rinse and drain raisins. Combine cornmeal, flour sifted with baking powder, salt, and sugar. Blend milk, soda, and beaten eggs; add to dry mixture and beat. Add raisins and shortening and stir until well blended. Fill well-greased cornstick pans level full. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 16 cornsticks.

GINGERSNAPS

1 cup melted shortening	1 egg, beaten
1 cup molasses	4½ cups flour
½ teaspoon lemon extract	1 tablespoon ginger

Combine shortening, molasses, and lemon extract. Add egg and stir until mixture is blended. Mix and sift dry

ingredients and add. Chill dough until firm enough to roll. Roll one-eighth inch thick, cut and bake on a greased cookie sheet at 375° F. for 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 5 dozen 2½-inch cookies.

PRUNE QUICK LOAF

1 cup prunes	4 tablespoons shortening
3 cups sifted flour	2 eggs
4 teaspoons baking powder	1 cup milk
½ teaspoon soda	2 tablespoons finely cut orange rind
1½ teaspoons salt	cut orange rind
2 tablespoons sugar	(yellow only)

Rinse prunes, drain, dry on a towel, remove pits and chop fine. (If prunes are very dry, boil five minutes before pitting.) Sift flour with baking powder, soda, salt, and sugar. Work shortening into flour. Combine beaten eggs with milk, add to dry ingredients and mix. Add prunes and orange rind, and mix well. Pour into greased bread pan. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 70 minutes.

HONEY NUT BROWNIES

½ cup butter	½ teaspoon cinnamon
2 squares chocolate	½ cup molasses
½ cup honey	½ cup sugar
½ cup sugar	2 eggs
½ cup flour	½ cup flour
½ teaspoon baking powder	½ cup melted shortening
½ teaspoon soda	1 cup chopped nuts

Melt butter and chocolate together. Add honey, sugar, and beaten eggs. Sift flour, baking powder, and soda and add nuts. Add this to first mixture. Bake in a well-greased shallow pan in a slow oven (300° F.) for 45 minutes. (Note: Another half cup of honey may be substituted for the sugar

if the brownies are allowed to age about two weeks before eating.) Makes 70 one-by-two inch brownies.

THE whole window was emptied before noon, and then Nan invited the girls home for lunch.

BANANA AND PEANUT BUTTER SALAD

1 banana	1 red apple
Peanut butter	Fruit juice

Peel banana and cut in half lengthwise. Spread with peanut butter and join again, sandwich fashion. Cut crosswise into one-third inch slices. Dice unpeeled apples and moisten with fruit juice. On watercress, arrange half the banana slices in a row in the center of the plate and half of the apple pieces on either side. Serve with mayonnaise. Makes 2 salads.

LOUISIANA RICE PUDDING

4 cups milk	½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup molasses	½ cup sugar
½ cup washed rice	½ cup raisins

Mix well. Bake in slow oven (275° F. to 300° F.) for 2½ hours. Stir every 15 minutes for first hour and add one tablespoon butter in fourth stirring. Serve with cream. Serves 6.



Courtesy California Dried Fruit Research Institute
Raisin Cornmeal Sticks

Hotel Mystery

(continued from page 302)

and followed them meowing indignantly.

"The desk is covered with dust," said Linda. "We didn't want to touch it till you saw it."

"It's locked, too," said Tommy. Mr. Barlow climbed past the bed springs, around to the front of the desk. "Locked?" he asked.

Tommy and Linda gasped. The top of the desk was rolled back. Drawers had been pulled out and now lay open. There was no sign of dust.

"Women," said Mr. Barlow.

"How can you tell?" asked Tommy.

"Who else would dust this thing off?" answered Mr. Barlow, tapping up and down the sides of the desk. "Let's see if we can tap any hollow place or find something which opens a secret panel."

The Empress sprang to the top of the desk and paraded winningly all the time they searched. Mr. Barlow finally gave up.

"Well, if they found anything it's beyond me. Still, I have a sneaking suspicion we're on the trail." He scratched his toupee thoughtfully. "There might be a notebook or something. Linda, you'd better keep an eye on Miss Fanny."

As they started to go, Tommy's coat snagged the side of a bushel basket which stood on top of a pile of boxes. The basket turned over, showering them with pieces of brass. The clatter was terrific.

"What's this?" said Mr. Barlow.

They began to examine the brass pieces. Each was cut to form a number, and each was pierced with small holes. All of them were Number 3's.

"Old numbers for room doors," said Mr. Barlow. Then suddenly his eyes glowed. "Very interesting—very interesting indeed! I had already wondered—" He turned and scratched the Empress under the chin. "I would not have thought of this top floor if it had not been for your kitten, my lady. In fact, I was not aware that there was a storage floor at all, and I thought I knew every nook and cranny of the old place."

(To be continued in the August issue.)

The Goats of Gruyères

(Continued from page 298)

to the edge of the camp where the saddled horses were cropping grass. But they were in plain sight. How was Bertrand to mount one and get away without being caught?

Taking an apple from his pocket, he rolled it toward the nearest horse. The animal sniffed it and came a step forward. When he had crushed the apple between his strong teeth, Bertrand rolled out another. Now the horse was near enough for Bertrand to catch hold of his mane and to stand up in his shadow. Near him the dark figures of soldiers passed before the campfires. There was a smell of roasting meat and a murmur of voices. Now the men were sitting down to eat.

It was the moment to mount and run!

But as Bertrand swung into the saddle a wild burst of bells crashed above him and, looking up, his eyes met a sight that made him hold his breath. Out of the dark town, blocked against the night sky, poured a stream of flickering lights, wavering to and fro, spreading a network of tiny flames over the hillside. For the goats, angry and bewildered at being turned out to pasture at night and terrified by the lights trying to escape.

As for the men of Berne, startled by the bells, they sprang up to find the hillsides ablaze with torches of a moving army. Stark with fright, they caught glimpses of weird old faces in the fitful light; bearded faces with glassy eyes. These were not their neighbors of Gruyères! Who could they be, these fearsome little men with lights on their heads, if not the Goblins of the Valley, come to the rescue of their people?

Seized with panic, leaving their meat on the spits and their spears in the grass, they flung themselves onto their horses and stampeded for home. All but the man whose horse Bertrand had taken, who had to run the whole distance back to Berne. The goats, worn out with excitement, lay down in the pasture with guts of wax and candle ends between their horns. Barbara's plan had succeeded!

When the friends arrived from Romont, summoned by Bertrand from even viewing the panic of the enemy, still felt help might be needed, they found the townspeople of Gruyères awaiting them with a feast of roast meat. It was voted that Bertrand should keep the horse he had captured and that to Barbara should be given the best goats of the flock.

The inhabitants of Gruyères have been laughing over the Victory of the Goats from that day to this. And if ever you visit that little town on the hill, you will find on a wall in the castle a painting of the goats of Gruyères rushing through the gate with lighted candles on their heads, for the story I have told you is true.

Corky and the Comanches

(continued from page 319)

scarce it isn't practical to use horses and mules. But when the war broke out, he had to give up the project. A few of the camels were turned loose, and what you saw must've been some of those."

"But how come the Indians didn't kill the camels and then get me, too? What made them run away?"

"What happened was perfectly natural," the General returned. "Horses are afraid of camels. The ponies of the Indians ran as soon as they caught the scent. But you won't be bothered any more with Indians. We'll see that things get settled. I suppose the camels won't last forever. They're pretty decorative, but not much use."

"Well," said Corky, drawing a long breath, "it was a mighty good thing for me and Wade that those camels came along just when they did!"



My doctor told me to drink milk, but I despise milk and I told him, "Anything but milk!"



He said "Why not try rennet-custards? That's a delicious, easy way to take milk you need."



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Freedom Comes Again

[continued from page 293]

his friend was a real American already.

Afterward, when the four of them were sunning themselves on the warm sand, they planned the picnic in detail. The Fourth wasn't going to go off so badly after all, Hal tried to believe. But when he recognized the distant figure coming along the beach, he got abruptly to his feet.

"Time we were getting home," he decided. Fer, until he had mastered his disappointment, he did not want to talk to Jimmy Black about the matter.

Of course Jimmy would have to know sometime, but it was not until just before suppertime on the third that Hal had to tell. He had taken a basket of eggs to the village store and was on his way home when he stopped on the bridge to watch the antics of the salmon fingerlings in the shallow pool below.

Although this local stream was not to be compared with the great salmon rivers, its clean gravel reaches and shaded pools were the rearing grounds for the schools which provided good catches for local fishing boats in the sea outside the cove. Last fall, countless thousands of salmon eggs had been left here by the parent fish. In April they had hatched and wriggled up from the gravel nests where they had been incubating all winter in the cold mountain water. Already they had doubled in size and were always on the alert for the food particles their native stream kept bringing down for them.

Directly below him, Hal could see a school of the sturdy youngsters leaping at a jiggling cloud of midges. With sudden "plops" and clean-cut leaps, they broke water, sometimes in their eagerness turning absurd somersaults in midair. What fine fighting fish they would be in two or three years' time! And what a fine harvest of food for America they would yield!

Then above the murmur of the stream, Hal heard someone shouting. A little way upstream Jimmy was on the trail beside the open flume whose water carried the shingle loads from the cedar woods up the valley down to the Black mill. Jimmy beckoned hastily.

"Guess what!" he greeted. "The Army's putting on parachute jumps down there tomorrow. Maybe Sue won't want to see that, but you and I can meet some place—"

Hal told his story.

"And you voted to stay home?" Jimmy could scarcely believe it. "Why, we're packing right now. We're all going down on the night boat."

"Then you'd better hurry," Hal advised evenly.

"Don't I know it?" Jimmy agreed

excitedly. "Dad just told me to go up and shut the gate out of the storage dam. He's closed the mill till Monday so they won't need any water in the flume. I've got to go." Headless and happy-go-lucky as ever, Jimmy turned and dashed off up the flume trail.

Next morning, Hal could not get that parachute display out of his mind. The Fourth had dawned clear and bright and by noon the day was hot. Time and again, he tried to tell himself that it would be blistering down there on those crowded pavements and that the cool reaches of Salmon Creek were, after all, a better place to spend the holiday.

webbed feet, swam and dived in the swiftest water. "Often they build their nests on the rock inside a falls. It's round, with a door in the side. Something like a wren's. And in winter, when most other birds feel glum, they sing the sweetest song."

"Sue!" Hal's voice was sharp with concern. "Do you see anything different about the creek?"

Sue had just stopped to show Rose a real maidenhair fern growing from the mossy bank. She came running over. "Isn't the water awfully low?"

"That's just what I was thinking. Even since we started up it's been dropping." Then Hal saw

Carl, who had crossed the narrow channel on stepping stones, bending over something in a depression in the sand. When they reached him, Hal and Sue were alarmed to see a score of salmon fingerlings flipping helplessly on the wet sand.

"How did they get here?" Carl was asking. "See? They have had water for swimming. But now it is gone!"

Sue was wetting her hands in the stream. Now she ran back and carefully gathering up the stranded fish, hurried to release them in the channel from which they had been so recently cut off by the falling flow.

"Here are more!" Rose called from farther on. She would have picked them up in her dry fingers if Sue had not warned against it. "You must always wet your hands before you pick up a fish you want to live," she cautioned. "That slippery covering is to protect them."

Farther up the level stretch of gravel, the boys found many more of the trapped fish. There were paddles in which dozens of the baby salmon darted back and forth, panic stricken by the instinct which warned that the water was deserting them. In other places, they struggled to burrow deeper among the pebbles. Already a few trim, streamlined bodies lay lifeless upon the sand.

And all the while, other pools were going dry. Carl had emptied his lunch pail and was using it to scoop canals between the shrinking pools. But it was a losing fight. And Hal, knowing that on the survival of these young salmon the welfare of the cove's fishermen would some day depend, saw with startling clearness what defeat must mean. If they failed now there would be no throngs of shining, silver-sided salmon off the cove in years to come. Salmon that the world needed for food.

"I'm heading up to the dam," he shouted. "Come on, Carl! You girls keep working."

Crashing through the salmonberry bushes Hal headed straight for the shingle mill flume which ran along the crest of the bank. And Carl, though he did not understand, kept at his heels.



Carefully gathering up the stranded fish, Sue hurried to release them in the channel

But somehow it didn't work, and after dinner, when he picked up the lunch pail Sue had packed and went to meet the others at the bridge, he felt very gloomy.

But, being Hal, that feeling did not last. Both Rose and Carl were so thrilled by the fact that they were celebrating for the first time the great historic anniversary of the country that was now their home, that by the time they were half a mile up Salmon Creek, Hal too had caught the spirit of the holiday.

Like his sister, Carl was absorbed by all they saw and heard along the way.

"Here all the great salmon runs and the forests belong to everybody," he marveled. "It is very wonderful."

Just then a water ouzel flushed through the spray of a small waterfall and Sue told how this trim gray bird, not much different from a thrush and with no

Scratched and breathless, they fought through the last thicket and reached the flame. Instead of being dry, thousands of gallons of water were racing down it each minute. In his haste to board the holiday steamer Jimmy Black had failed to close the flame gate securely enough.

Together, the two boys scrambled up to the narrow catwalk and raced along it to the dam. The reserve of water stored there had drained away. The spillway into the creek was dry, and all of Salmon Creek's precious, life-giving flow of water was being sucked down the flame.

"The gate jammed when he dropped it, and he didn't wait to see," Hal decided. Leaning down, perilously close to the pounding raceway, he began tugging at the driftwood which had lodged the gate.

But as the water level had gone down, sunken roots and cedar houghs had been drawn into the opening. With pike-poles or grapnels, clearing the gate would have been an easy matter. But there was no time to go to the mill for tools.

"Lean over and hold me," Hal urged. "I'm going down."

"No." Carl's jaw was set. "You are stronger. You can hold better."

"Carl!" But his comrade did not heed Hal's shout. Dropping over the cragwork, he gave Hal his belt to hold, and a split second later he was lunging shoulder deep in the charging water.

Often Hal had watched bolts, thrown into this flow, go careening down the flame to the mill. He had seen them spewed from its high mouth to the tangled pile beneath, and he knew that Carl's life was in his keeping.

Drenched, blinded by the spray, Carl fought on, and when the mountain water numbed him, he was pulled to safety and Hal went down. Then the last of the matted debris was freed, they scrambled up and the gate fell solidly into place.

Almost before they got back to where Sue and Rose were keeping on with their rescue work, the water in the creek was rising slowly to its normal level. Inch by inch it lipped over the edges of the stranded pools, joining them into one unbroken shallow. And everywhere the little salmon were darting deeper into its welcome flow. Freedom had come again.

The party ate their picnic supper on a mossy rise where they could glimpse the sea above the green spires of the forest. Slanting shafts of sunlight dappled the great trunks of the virgin trees above their resting place.

Rose glanced proudly at her brother. She turned to Sue. Her blue eyes were shining. "I cannot say it—but this country that brings me freedom and where I can help also to make freedom—how I like it," she spoke softly.

Hal looked across at Carl. "No more than it likes you," he said. Without thinking it all out, he knew that the four of them had, in a very real way, served America this day. In more ways than one, it had been the most truly glorious Fourth that he had ever known.

Let's Find A Book

(continued from page 311)

said was connected by a secret passage to the Clebe House, where the minister had lived during the Revolution. Everybody had tried to find the passage but no one had been successful. The boys often looked for some trace of it when they weren't too busy playing baseball. There is quite a lot about baseball in the story, but how the boys found the secret passage and how they used it for their own private purposes when they did find it is the exciting part. Kurt Wiese drew some funny pictures to illustrate it. Don't miss it.

IF YOU are going camping this summer there is a very small book that you may want to pack into your bag just in case someone has an accident. It is called *Very First Aid*, by Dorothea Could, with pictures by Elizabeth Ripley (Oxford; \$0c). It tells what to do and what not to do if someone gets burned, or bitten by a dog, or touches poison ivy, or has some other common kind of accident. It might come in handy, too, if you are just staying at home.

ANICE book for a hot afternoon is *Twenty Little Fishes*, by Ida M. Mellon (Mesmer; \$2). The underwater pictures in cool green and delicate coral, by Else Bostelmann, are very lovely and have much imagination. The fishes are all fairly familiar ones. Some are found in ponds and others at the seashore. But if you want to see a sea horse or a Brazilian half moon, or some of the other odd sea creatures you must visit an aquarium. The pictures show how they look swimming around under water, and the story tells what they like to eat and how they live.

Other Books Suggested

AMERICANS EVERY ONE, by Lavinia R. Davis (Doubleday; \$2). Pleasant stories of children from other countries who find happy homes in America.

LARRY AND THE UNDERSEA RAIDER, by Walter Farley (Random House; \$1.75). A swift-moving present-day story of the Pacific Ocean. **THE TRUE STORY OF FALA**, by Margaret Suckley and Alice Dalglish (Scribner; \$1.50). The authorized story of the President's pet dog.

CINDY, by Dorothy Aldis (Putnam; \$1.50). Amusing story of a small tomboy. Drawings by Peggy Bacon.

GRAY DAWN, by Dorr Yeager (Penn; \$2). Story of a dog who joined a wolf pack in the Colorado mountains, and the finding of a lost gold mine.

Junior Literary Guild Selections for July

Older boys, 12-16, *Dynamo Farm*, by Adam Allen (Lippincott, \$2).

Older girls, 12-16, *Bells and Grass*, by Walter de la Mare (Viking Press, \$2.50).

Intermediate, boys and girls, 9-11, *Adam of the Road*, by Elizabeth Janet Gray (Viking Press, \$2).

Primary, boys and girls, 6-8, *Zig-Zac*, *The Crocodile Bird*, by Rita Kissin (Mesmer, \$2).



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—General Douglas MacArthur

★ ★ ★

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Russian children are helping in this war, too—doing a man's or woman's part in home and factory and field.

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(See pages 294 and 295, for some interesting pictures of Russian boys and girls.)

PIMPLES



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THE SADDLEBAG MYSTERY

Pictures by PAUL PROENZI

WHEN THE WAR BEGAN, THE HOLLISTER STREET GANG, WHICH HAD SPENT ITS LEISURE HOURS PLAYING INDIAN OR PIRATE IN PEG'S YARD, WENT 100 PERCENT FOR NATIONAL DEFENSE. IT CHANGED ITS NAME TO THE HOLLISTER STREET HIGHFLYERS WITH A MOTTO "KEEP THEM FLYING" AND ITS MEMBERS BEGAN TO COLLECT WASTE MATERIAL FROM THE PEOPLE IN THEIR BLOCK.

THERE WAS BILL KITTRIDGE, THE LEADER

AND PEG ELLIOT WHO LIVED NEXT DOOR

AND JERRY WHITE - BILL'S BEST FRIEND



AND BIMBO, BILL'S DOG

AND BETTY, PEG'S LITTLE SISTER

AND ALICE, PEG'S GOAT

WE'VE FINISHED HOLLISTER.
SHALL WE START ON AUBURN AVENUE?

AUBURN IS PRETTY SNOOTY.

I KNOW MISS GILLESPIE. SHE'S FUNNY BUT NICE.



THE HIGHFLYERS HAD COLLECTED LOAD AFTER LOAD OF PAPER, MAGAZINES, OLD BOTTLES, METAL, AND OTHER WASTE, ALONG THEIR STREET. SOME THEY SOLD TO BUY DEFENSE STAMPS. SOME THEY TURNED IN TO THE PROPER AGENCIES.

WHAT IS THIS NATIONAL DEFENSE ANYWAY? SOMETHING TO EAT?

DUNNO, BUT IT'S SWELL!
LOTS OF RATS IN THESE ATTICS AND CELLARS.

THERE'S NICKY HUNT.
HE LOOKS LONESOME.

HI, NICKY. WANT TO COME ALONG?

NICHOLAS HUNT AND HIS MOTHER HAD JUST MOVED INTO THE LITTLE YELLOW COTTAGE UP THE STREET. BACK FROM EUROPE, SOMEONE SAID. BUT NICKY DIDN'T TALK ABOUT HIMSELF.



TRY MR. SADDLER NEXT DOOR. HE HAS A BARN WITH
OLD THINGS IN IT. AND HERE ARE SOME
MAGAZINES AND A LOVELY STATUE.



What will the High Flyers find in the old barn? The August issue will tell you.

Benjamin Jones Goes Swimming

Aileen Fisher



**SWIM MEET
FREE-FOR-ALL!
BIG PRIZES
JULY
4TH**



Well, the Fourth quickly come, and waiting acclaim
Were wonderful swimmers galore,
Each poised in his place far the start of the race,
While spectators crowded the shore.

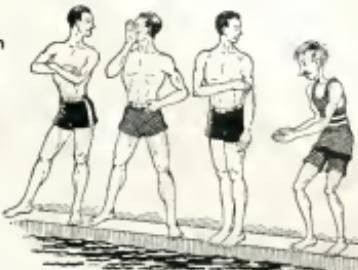
The contest began, and Benji, poor mon,
Was posse on the left and the right.
His pace was so slow that a crab sot his toe
And thought it would venture a bite.



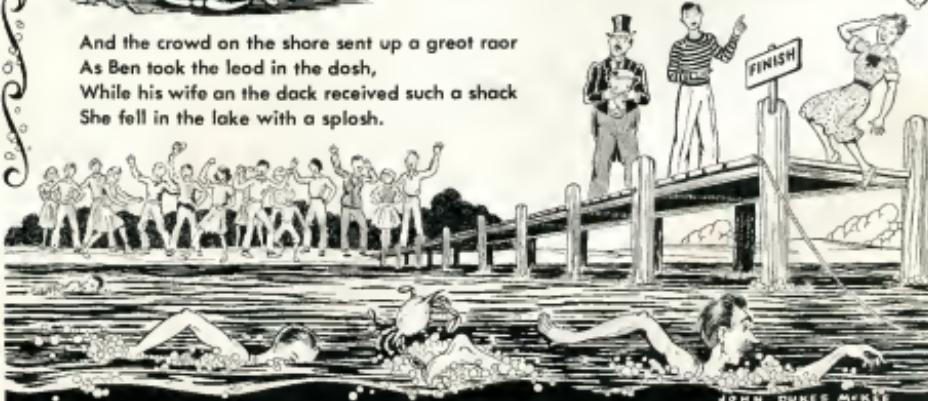
And the crowd on the shore sent up a great roar
As Ben took the lead in the dash,
While his wife on the dock received such a shock
She fell in the lake with a splash.

Benjamin Jones in confident tones
Told his wife, "On the Faurth of July
I think I'll compete in the free-far-all meet.
I bet I con win, if I try."

But his wife said, "My word! How very absurd!
You haven't gone swimming for years.
With others so fast, you're sure to be LAST,
And I'll blush to the tips of my eors."



Ben noticed the crab os it storted to grab
And—perhaps the result can be guessed:
The thought af his toe in the clovs of his face
Made him swim like a swimmer pascessed!



JOHN DUKE MCKEE

Cockears and Blimpy

[continued from page 305]

didn't sound like another storm. It didn't smell like a storm either. He jogged on, but more slowly. The sound increased. Louder and louder the water poured.

In a few moments he felt the planks of a wooden bridge under his boots. Beyond through the dark, glittered a cluster of low lights.

Blimpy called to his father, "See there! Across the bridge is a village. It must be the place on the map. We'll get there in a few minutes."

"Thank goodness!" cried Mr. Mulligan. "Speed up that colt of yours."

But just then Cockears came to a full stop. His ears flattened against the sides of his head. His head lowered. He planted his small hoofs on the bridge, squarely and stubbornly.

"Giddap there, Cockears," coaxed Blimpy. "This is no place to stop." And Mr. Mulligan shouted at them. "Hurry on there!"

As he coaxed, Blimpy pulled at the halter, but Cockears braced his feet more stubbornly than ever. Something was wrong and he was the only one who knew it. He couldn't tell Blimpy of the danger ahead, but he whinnied a warning back to Mabel and Porky. They too stopped. It was in vain that Mr. Mulligan slapped the reins and shouted.

Blimpy was remembering something. Doc had said, "Talk to them, when you want them to understand. Maybe they don't get each word, but if you speak gently they get part of it." Blimpy ran his hand lovingly along Cockears' nose. "Come along, boy. You've been doing very well until now—" And then Blimpy realized that Cockears was shivering.

"Something's wrong," Blimpy cried to Mr. Mulligan. "Cockears is scared. He stopped for some real reason."

Mr. Mulligan slid off the seat, tearing his trousers and scratching his leg. "He stopped because he's stubborn. I haven't got a whip, but I'll find a strap to start him moving." He fumbled in the truck and his hand touched Blimpy's flashlight. Suddenly a pale glow illuminated the night. The flashlight had not been broken, only shaken out of connection. In his excitement Mr. Mulligan had not tested it thoroughly.

As the thin light shone out, Blimpy cried, "What's that I saw? Turn the flashlight this way a moment."

Mr. Mulligan focused the flashlight on the road ahead. Light shone on a steep drop and black, swift water flowing. It shone on Cockears, braced squarely against the edge of a broken bridge. His eyes rolled, as the light caught them. Beneath the feet of the colt and boy ran a river in flood!

"Can you beat it!" muttered Mr. Mulligan. "The storm must have washed the bridge out. And that dumb beast had the sense to know it!"

But Blimpy spoke in a whisper, with his lips against his colt's taffy-colored mane. "Cockears! Old Boy! You saved our lives."

Thirty-six hours later the truck rolled up to a low ranch house, toward which

it had been journeying for ten long days. Cockears pushed to the edge of the fenced-in chassis to see out. This time Mabel and Porky made way for him at once. He saw two figures running toward them. One wore overalls and had yellow pigtail sticking straight out. The other was Blimpy's mother.

"Where've you been?" cried the girl with pigtailed. Her voice was Mimi's, but it wasn't the Mimi Cockears remembered. She was sunburned and at least two inches taller.

Blimpy and his father climbed stiffly down. Mr. Mulligan kissed his wife, and Mimi flung her arms around her father's waist. Blimpy tried to say something, but no words came.

"We had a bad adventure," said Mr. Mulligan. "If it hadn't been for Cockears we might not have got here."

Around the corner of the ranch house came a long, lanky man in a leather vest and jeans and high-heeled boots. Spurs sparkled at his heels. He wore an enormous hat, far back on his head. With Blimpy's help he unhooked the back of the truck. The horses climbed out of their crowded quarters for the last time. In the sunflooded corral they drank cold mountain water and ate a fine meal.

Mrs. Mulligan and Mimi leaned against the fence of the corral, while Blimpy told about their adventures.

"When morning came there we were spang against the end of a broken bridge. The truck would have smashed to bits, if we'd fallen off there. When the river went down I rode Porky bareback through the water to the village to get help. A man from a garage came back with us, but the battery was stone dead. So we had to wait for a fresh battery to come from Denver."

"Mimi! Run quick to the garden. Pull our horses each a carrot," cried Mrs. Mulligan. "And pull an extra one for Cockears." She was smiling, but tears shone in her eyes.

The following morning the tall cowboy put Cockears through his paces. He threw a gay blanket across the colt's back. He put a high-pampered saddle on top of the blanket, no stirrups yet. He tightened the girth and snapped on a long halter. Cockears knew what that halter was for. He tossed back his mane. He walked. He trotted. Then he did a most canter.

"Smart fella," said the cowboy appreciatively. Next morning he added leather-topped stirrups to the saddle. They felt queer, knocking against the colt's sides, but Cockears saw that the other horses wore saddles with stirrups, so he did not object.

"That's a good horse you've got," the cowboy told Blimpy. And Blimpy said, in the slang that goes from coast to coast, "You're telling me?"

The moon grew bigger. It rounded. It grew little and sickle shaped against the mountain sky. Then one May morning Blimpy entered the corral, with his big hat on and his emerald handkerchief knotted about his neck. This morning, his jeans were tucked into high-heeled cowboy boots.

Cockears stood in the corral, with his saddle and bridle on. "Today's the day," said the cowboy.



If a fellow could stay under water like a fish

Blimpy put one foot in the stirrup. He flung the other leg across the saddle and mounted. Cockears felt Blimpy's hand rest on his mane an instant before the bridle tightened. Cockears set his small hoofs neatly. He held his head proudly, as a Virginia thoroughbred should, whether he is east or west. "Mind your master if you get a good one," Duchess had counseled. "Everybody needs somebody who knows better than he does." Horse and boy turned up a mountain trail, twisting crookedly between tall pines. Blimpy sat back and gave Cockears his head.

"You're acting like a full-grown horse," he said softly.

Cockears climbed higher. It was true he was grown up. He had a rider now. He was a colt no longer.

THE END

Good Citizens' League

[continued from page 290]

may hold the fate of the whole world in your hands.

Perhaps some will say that all this is just hoping. But our Founding Fathers hoped for a better way of life. And out of their hopes and dreams and labors came the Americas that we know and love. Is it too much to believe that out of what we hope and dream and work for today may come a world that all men will be able to enjoy in peace and safety?

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Quiz Kids

Quiz



Richard Williams stirred up this quiz for us on
only as he scrambled an egg for breakfast.
Look on page 334 for answers.

1. If a boy were guilty of hyperbole, should he be severely punished?
2. What two things did De Soto, Coronado, and Cortez have in common?
3. If you passed from the southernmost to the northernmost point in Australia, through which states would you pass?
4. We hear much about the Philippines. What seas touch their shores?
5. What are the capitals of French Indo-China and Thailand?
6. Nobody thinks tigers can fly, but who are the "Flying Tigers?"
7. What do the Maine and the Lusitania have in common?
8. Two boys were discussing canons and rounds. Were they talking about the war?
9. A mother heard her little boy say to his sister, "Crown me." What did he mean?
10. Everyone talks about the fighting Irish. What did O'Hare and Kelly do along this line?

11. Man-O-War is considered one of the best racing horses ever raised in America. How many times did he win the Kentucky Derby?

12. If you had a certain number of apples, added enough to make the original number squared, gave away 121 apples, and then had none left, how many did you have in the first place?

13. Why wouldn't you serve steak with sweetbreads?

14. Why, on a hot day, do the streets seem to be smoking after a rain?

15. If you heard someone discussing meld, honors, and bowers, what would they be talking about?

16. A girl said she picked a bouquet of dahlias, sequoias, columbine, and hydrangeas. What is wrong with this statement?

Home Run

[continued from page 310]

parade came dinner. Then the boys met at Main and Third to catch the bus for Frankville. And there was Grandpa, with Ed.

"I couldn't shake him," Ed whispered to Ed. "He heard me telling Mom this morning and he tagged along. Wants to be umpire."

"All right," said Brick. It wouldn't hurt.

But at Frankville, Grandpa poked around, making one excuse after another for not starting the game even after a whole crowd of Frankville children and a few adults had shown up as audience.

After a while, however, he was himself again. "Well, as I live!" he said, pointing toward the street where some automobiles and a horse had stopped.

People got out and came into the field. Grown-ups, they were, mostly. More cars arrived.

"Mr. Tibbets!" gasped Al.

"Gee, my own father!" said Bill. "And the whole family."

"And mine." "And mine."

"Half of Dover Village, if you ask me!" Doug said.

Brick looked suspiciously at Grandpa. Grandpa said, quickly, "You fellows've got real spunk, and it's been recognized at last! If folks didn't come out of their easy chairs on a hot day like this!" Then, with a gleam in his eyes, "If you ask me, you've scored a home run with the whole town already!"

"Gee!" said Brick. Even he knew Dover Village wouldn't have come clear to Frankville if it hadn't wanted to. Even Grandpa couldn't have made them do that.

"Play ball!" cried Grandpa, and blew his shrill whistle.

"I'll say we will!" said Brick. He glanced out at the audience. To him it looked bigger than any that could crowd into the Yankee Stadium, for instance. And more coming.

Orphan Annie

[Continued from page 307]

"I can't. I've got to try some more." "Well, I'm going, and you'll be here alone."

Marjorie stared at his retreating back with a terrible feeling of panic. Then swallowing the sohs that threatened to break forth, she went bravely to her task once more.

The sheep were quieting down now. There was no wind. From the campfires came snatches of talk and laughter, as the men relaxed and ate after their hard days work.

"Look's nice," thought Marjorie, "if it wasn't for that big, old cloud, and the thunder getting so loud, and poor Orphan Annie lost, and Kennie going home without me."

"Ooooh," she screamed at a particularly loud crash of thunder. Then, as the sound ceased to echo from the

encircling hills, she raised her voice once more, "Orphan Annie!"

"Baa." It sounded so like her pet that Marjorie jumped.

"They all sound alike," she reminded herself. Even so, there was a new note of hope in her voice. "Orphan Annie! Orphan Annie!" She gave a sharp scream of joy as a bright flash of lightning revealed a little figure bounding toward her.

Next moment, she was hugging Orphan Annie to her. "I thought I'd never find you," she sobbed. "It's going to storm. How'll I ever get you home. Kennie's gone."

"I'm not either," said a husky voice. "Think I'd go and leave you here? I just said that to try to start you. Come on, let's hurry."

Hurrying with a stuhlbahn little lamb proved something of a problem.

"We'll have to carry her," Kenneth declared at last. He knelt down and, with Marjorie's help, adjusted the heavy lamb across his back, its legs held firmly on his shoulders. Marjorie assisted him to his feet and came just behind him, holding up all the weight she could.

They were on the swinging bridge when the storm struck. Boy, girl, and lamb went down in a heap.

"Whew!" gasped Kenneth. "I've tried lots of times to make this old thing swing, but I never —"

"Do you think it'll break loose?" quavered Marjorie, with horrifying visions of the rocks below.

"Guess not, but let's get off of it, quick as we can."

They staggered along as best they could over the wildly swaying bridge. Rain came in sheets. Finally they reached the other end. Inch by inch, they fought their way along the sheep lane, against the fury of wind and rain.

They were a sorry looking pair when at last they burst into the ranch kitchen. "We got our lamb back," Kenneth announced to his startled mother.

"Ow!" gasped Marjorie. "Kennie!"

"Guess you earned a share," mumbled her brother, as he set Orphan Annie on her feet. "Besides," he looked up grinning, "you taught her a lot of silly tricks, now you'll have to help take care of her."





the junior editors

HOBBY CLUB

THINGS-TO-DO • PEN AND PENCIL CLUB
GOOD CITIZENS' LEAGUE • LEADERS' CLUB

A Letter to Uncle Sam

Dear Uncle Sam:
"Tis summer and vacation time,
So I'm asking you in rhyme
Have you got a job for me
To help preserve democracy?

I'll gladly learn to knit and sew,
And plant and water, weed and hoe,
I'll learn to plan and cook a meal
With vitamins and pep appeal.

I want to help, I'm keen to go,
So, Uncle Sam, please let me know.

JEAN NEUSER
Llewellyn, Pa.
Age 13

Independence Day

It was in that historic year 1776 that the Second Continental Congress of the thirteen original colonies appointed a committee of five outstanding men to draw up a formal document stating the reasons why "these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states." After weeks of work trying to figure out a solution for an appropriate document the committee had failed. Even the brilliant mind of such a member of the committee as Benjamin Franklin could not solve this important problem. But one day another famous member of the committee named Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, with Franklin's advice and help. Congress approved his document on July 4, 1776. This month we are celebrating the United States' 166th anniversary of her independence. We call this day

SORRELL KATZ
Chicago, Ill.

Age 13

1776 1942



In '76 the minute man
Was called to do his part.
With gun in hand he took his stand
And fought with all his heart.

Now in the year of '42
As our soldiers begin their tramp,
We'll do our bit with a helping kick
On a dime or quarter stamp.

ARCHIE Hongoon
Evansville, Ind.
Age 12

The Fourth of July

Flags wave, drums beat,
Soldiers marching down the street.
Girls laugh, boys run,

Fourth of July is lots
of fun.

DONOVAN GORDON
Dakota City, N. D.
Age 7



By Helen Erickson, age 13
Eveline, Mich.



By Caroline Barnes, age 13
Higginville, Mass.



By Betty Janigan, age 12
Visalia, Calif.



By Betty Frost, age 11
Montclair, N. J.

The Peddler

Right after school
Home I did hie,
Filled up my bag
And jumped on my bike.
Seed I did sell—
Eleven packets and four,
To plant Victory Gardens
To help win this war.

SEVEREN OLSON
Randall, Minn.
Age 9

My Tree

I have a tree.
It's very wee.
But every time I look at it
It seems to grow a little bit.

DONALD MEYER
Deerfield, Ill.
Age 10

My Life

My father is American, and my mother is English. I was born in Hongkong and I had a dear Chinese amanu, or nurse, whose name was Ah Sin. She was short and fat and jolly and she wore black trousers instead of a skirt. I have been to England to visit my grandparents. After we left England we went to live in Hankow, China, on the River Yangtze, where Ah Sin joined us again. I went to the British-American school there. When the war started we had to fly in an old Douglas airplane to Hongkong, where we took the Empress of Canada liner to Vancouver, Canada, and then came by train to Nacogdoches, Texas, where my other grandparents live. My father was not able to get away when the war started, and the only way we hear from him is by cable. He is in Peking, China, now.

ANDREW M. HALL
Nacogdoches, Tex.
Age 9



"Guard of Buckingham Police"
By Emily Untermyer, age 10
North Stamford, Conn.

The Duckbill or Platypus

In Australia there are many animals totally unlike those in other parts of the world. The strangest of these is the duckbill or platypus, a rare animal inhabiting swamps and river beds. These bizarre creatures, although mammals, lay eggs and have a bill resembling a duck's. The platypus has a body covered with fur. Because of the birdlike bill and because it lays eggs the platypus is classed at the bottom of the mammal kingdom. Its only relative is the echidna, an animal resembling in appearance a porcupine, which also lays eggs, but has no bill.

LARRY FRIEDMAN, Quiz Kid
Age 11 Chicago, Ill.

The Gypsy Caravan

It was almost dark. The shadows had enveloped the countryside in darkness. All of a sudden a shrieking and clamoring broke the peaceful quiet and one could see at least half a dozen brightly painted wagons bumping into view. Men shouted and cracked whips at their shaggy mules. Bright splashes of color like paint on a painter's easel spattered the gray countryside. Soon bright orange fires popped up and the gypsy women started the evening meal. A shout from one of them brought the tribe running to the campfires and when the meal was finished, there were music and dancing. But slowly one by one, the fires faded out. The last one died and only golden embers remained. Then the countryside was peaceful once again.

BARBARA DOANE
Age 13 Aurora, Ill.

Skippy

"What, no tail?" is an oft heard exclamation when people first meet Skippy. Skippy, my dog, is a Belgian Schipperke. This breed has something in common with the Manx cat—that is, its lack of an extended rear appendage. "Skip" is small, but he has unbeatable courage and the will to try to conquer anything. His kind make ideal house dogs for they are small (never weighing more than eighteen pounds), are intelligent, alert, and very active. Although they have no tail to wag to show their friendly nature, they love children and children love "Skip."

BETTY SWANSON, Quiz Kid
Age 13 Lake Forest, Ill.

Americanism

We have no room for "isms"
In America, great and strong.
Instead we must have unity
Within our mighty throng.

We have no room for rumors
Which tell their ugly tales.
They had their time, but now, sir,
True loyalty prevails.

We have no room for striking,
In war it is not good.
Now Capital and Labor
Must work in brotherhood.

We do have room for democracy,
Democracy for all.
And if we work to defend it,
Our enemies will fall.

HARVE FISCHMAN, Quiz Kid
Age 11 Chicago, Ill.

Hawaiian Good Citizen

I am an American citizen with Japanese ancestors. I live on the island of Maui. The Hawaiian Islands consist of eight islands. Maui is the second largest and a dear one to me. We don't dress in hula skirts or live in grass huts. We have houses just like yours and dress the way you do. I go to the Kaumon School and am in the seventh grade. Here in the Hawaiian Islands we try very hard to help our country. Some of us knit mittens, collect magazines or books, collect tinfoil, make scrapbooks, and make hospital gowns at school. I have made two hospital gowns and one pair of mittens for our American soldiers. We love our country and try to obey the laws of our country. We have gas masks to protect us in case of a gas attack. The instructions on bombs were given to all the residents of the Hawaiian Islands.

EDNA KAWANO
Age 13 Maui, Hawaii

Cub Scouts

I am writing for all the Cub Scouts in our den. We have been trying to be good citizens by collecting tinfoil and paper. Collecting things has been our project for two months. A good many of the boys are working in gardens. A few have gardens of their own, but some of them, like me, are just helping their parents in them. There are nine gardens in our den families.

DONALD MENZIES
Age 10 Hickory, N. C.

Our Victory Garden

My sister and I are planting a large Victory Garden and raising some chickens. We are planting everything we can raise. Mother helps us to plant them, so we do it right and when they grow, we will pick the vegetables for Mother to can. My dad is leaving for the army so it is up to us to help at home. Mother is going to work in a defense plant. So we say, let the boys do their part at the front and we will keep the home fires burning until they come home.

MARIE GULBERG,
Age 10 Delano, Minn.



By DIANE WISCH, age 10
Irvington, N. J.

My War Vacation

My vacation this year isn't going to be like my other vacations, but I'm going to make the best of it. We aren't going to use our car to go on a trip. But saving tires and gasoline is more important than a pleasure trip. It's going to be simply grand to be able to run wild again and get into tennis shoes, shorts, slacks, and cotton dresses. I can go swimming, go on picnics, go hiking, and best of all, no school or homework! Hurrah! Three cheers for vacation!

ANNE McCORMACK
Age 10 Fredericton, N. B.

Helping My Country

There is not much a little boy can do, but if all the little boys would buy War Stamps they would be helping their country. I have twenty-five War Stamps and I am very proud for I am helping my country all I can.

BILLY COLLINS
Age 9 Bellingham, Wash.

Quiz and Puzzle Corner

[Answers on page 554]

Alphabet Quiz

1. What letter in the alphabet makes honey?
2. What letter in the alphabet contains water?
3. What letter in the alphabet is a girl's nickname?
4. What letter in the alphabet does a Chinaman wear on his head?
5. What letter in the alphabet is a beverage?

DOROTHY YANDLE
Age 13 York, S. C.

"A" Puzzle

1. A well-known desert is —a—a—a.
2. —a—a—is an isthmus and also a city.
3. A—a—a—is one of the states of the United States.
4. —a—a—is a fruit.

ELIZABETH POWELL
Age 11 Coraopolis, Pa.

Geography Quiz

1. What city was once called New Amsterdam?
2. What are the names of the five Great Lakes?
3. In what state was the Battle of Gettysburg fought?
4. What are the three "C's" of Ohio?

JACQUELINE CULLEN
Age 12 Detroit, Mich.

Hobby Page

My Hobbies

Of my hobbies there are few,
But they are good ones, that is true.
My favorite one's collecting books
And reading them in cozy nooks.
My next one is mechanical things,
I'd like to find out how a telephone
rings.

My last one is playing outdoor games,
Baseball and tennis are two of their
names.

Those are my hobbies, there're only
three,

But those are enough for a boy like me.

BILL MERRILL
Age 9

Burlington, Vt.

My Handkerchief Hobby

My hobby is handkerchiefs. I have eighteen different handkerchiefs. Some of them are over a hundred years old. Among my collection I have two from Mexico, one from Scotland, one with handmade lace, and quite a few others. I think handkerchiefs are a very interesting hobby.

BARBARA HALFORTY
Age 10

Wheaton, Ill.

Fans

My hobby is collecting fans from different countries. I have some from Japan, China, Bahama, Hawaii, and many from different parts of the United States. This is a new hobby and I think it's lots of fun.

BEVERLY MARTIN
Age 12

Whitefield, N. H.

Wood Carving

My hobby is wood carving. Although this is rather a difficult hobby, it is very interesting. There are many things you can carve, such as salad forks and spoons, salad bowls, picture frames, and salt and pepper shakers. I have had this hobby for almost six months. My hobby affords many pleasant hours. My other hobby is photography.

EDITH NEWMAN
Age 11

Belvedere, Calif.

Snap Carving

My hobby is soap carving. I have carved many things and think it is a lot of fun. The first thing you need for soap carving is a good-sized bar of white soap. It shouldn't be too hard or too soft because hard soap chips and soft soap doesn't get smooth. Then take a knife and scrape off all lettering and marks until the bar is perfectly smooth. Select an object that you want to carve. Draw it on one side of the bar. Then make a dotted line about one-half inch away from the penciled pattern. These dots should be made with an orange stick or a sucker stick. After you have carved as far as the dotted line you should be very careful so as to not break or cut into the pattern. The finished object can be colored or left plain.

GLADYS HAUGARTH
Age 12

Wauna, Nehr.

By J. Earshaw, age 10
Philadelphia, Pa.

Marionettes

Do you know what marionettes are? They are really nothing but dolls with moveable joints that have strings attached. I have had my marionettes ever since I was three, but just lately have I started to give shows for money. With the money I make I am buying United States War Bonds and I hope to get another Bond soon. It's a profitable hobby so why don't you give it a try?

DONALD LOVEJOY
Age 10
Greenwich, Conn.

Chests

My hobby is collecting small chests. I have chests from China, Mexico, Italy, France, Bohemia, Japan, and the United States. One of the chests from China is mahogany and has brass bindings. The one from Italy is a jewelry chest. The one from Bohemia is a small gold ring box with a red velvet lining. My Mexican chest is a small stamp box. The chest from Washington is silver and is in the shape of the capitol building. I think it is very beautiful.

ANNIE PERRENOT
Age 10
El Paso, Tex.

Teacups

Collecting teacups is my hobby. I have about twenty teacups and saucers. Most of them are from different countries—Austria, Germany, China, France, England, Canada, Japan, Australia, Canada, and the United States. They are all hand painted. One is over 175 years old, and I have several over 200 years old. I know the history of almost all of the cups in my collection as they were given to me by friends who know the stories of the cups.

PHARAH MEAD
Age 12
Rochester, N. Y.

Foreign Dolls

My doll hobby is both valuable and interesting. All the dolls are authentic imports, selected with care from the lands they represent. One doll is named Suzanne. She is a little French doll. In her flat embroidered leghorn and a full red and white striped skirt she represents a flower girl from Nice. One of my most prized dolls is Libusa from Czechoslovakia. She is a bride and wears long red stockings, black shoes, a colorful dress, and a wreath of flowers around her head. It would take me a long time to describe all of my dolls. They are all so quaint and not one resembles another.

JUDY KARES
Age 12
Chicago, Ill.



By Theodore Lafair, age 13
Philadelphia, Pa.

Pitchers

My hobby is collecting pitchers. I have some very pretty and interesting ones. One of them belonged to my mother's tea set when she was a little girl. My most interesting pitcher is over fifty years old. The mouth of it is shaped like an elk's head.

AGE 9
WILBUR HOOPER
Warrenton, Ga.

Stamps

My hobby is collecting stamps. I have stamps from Iran, Egypt, Austria, Greece, Russia, Montenegro, Liberia, Senegal, and many British colonies. I like to collect American stamps best. Some of my American stamps are fifty years old. I have started a new stamp hobby. It is War Stamps. I get these stamps by selling papers, rags, and scrap metal.

JOHN J. BLACK
Age 11
Gloucester, N. J.

Leaf Prints

My hobby is making leaf prints. I color a leaf with crayola. Then I lay it on a piece of white paper or a blotter. I cover that with more paper and press it with a hot iron. When I take it up I have a print of the leaf. If I want two prints of the same leaf I color both sides of the leaf and use two pieces of paper—one under the leaf and one over it.

RUNY CRUMP
Age 8
Amarillo, Tex.

Airplane Club

I have organized a club which is dedicated exclusively to the making of model airplanes. We have an older boy to teach us. We are making small models now. Our club is saving money in order to buy materials for a larger model which we shall give to the Government to help train pilots. Our hobby has become a vital thing—to help our Government in these days.

THOMAS DEWOLFE
Age 11
Westbrook, Me.

Hi Jr. Eds.:

Vacation is in full swing and from the sound of things you kids aren't going to have a dull moment with all your defense activities and Victory Gardens to take care of. Keep up the grand work and have loads of fun. The October suggestions are on the inside back cover. A Pet Contest! Punky says "Woof!" which means "swell idea!"

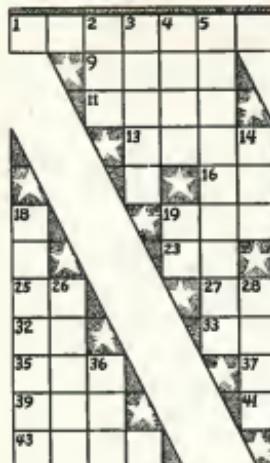
NANCY AND BILL

FUN TO DO

RIDDLES

[Answers on page 334]

PUZZLES



Victory Puzzle

Across

- What the "V" stands for.
- This on earth, good will toward men.
- To encourage; drive on.
- "I would" contracted.
- One deceived or misled.
- Opposite of "stop."
- A little song.
- Interjection.
- Louisiana's abbreviation.
- Singular, impersonal pronoun.
- You make this with matches.
- Uncle Sam's initials.
- Plural form of "me."
- South east.
- Initials of "Boy Scouts."
- Nickname of Detroit's hall team.
- Informal form of "are."
- Colloquial expression for "What?"
- A metal used to fasten metals.
- First syllable of "regard."
- Royal Air Force.
- Scolds.
- How you feel when you cry.
- A prefix meaning "three."
- A cookie made with ginger.
- A coin; first two syllables of "avocation."
- A safe-cracker.



Margareta Harmon

44. Abbreviation for "doctor."

- A short paragraph in the newspaper.

Down

- What a cow chews.
- Opposite of "lie."
- Letters which stand for the Soviet Secret Service.
- To enlist again.
- How many points in Roosevelt's peace proposal to the world?
- Another word meaning "bother."
- What you hear with.
- River in northern France.
- Opposite of "bondage."
- Chinese detective Manchu's first name.
- Where the "V" for Victory came from.
- United States of Soviet Republics.
- Another word for "liberty."
- To have a part in.
- Electrified particles in chemistry.
- First name of Charlie McCarthy's dad.
- "Respectfully" abbreviated.
- Opposite of "cowardly."
- A fruit.
- Past tense of "sit."

Name the Presidents

Aletha M. Bonner

What are these Presidents' last names? Some five of them were christened James; Two Franklins, and two Andrew J.'s; Three Johns, three Williams—all won praise.

A Word Square

- Organs of hearing.
- A flat surface on the ground.
- To lift up or raise.
- A girl's name.

Each word has four letters and, placed under one another, will spell the same down as across.

Aviation Quiz

Homer B. Moffett

Complete the words below according to the definitions given. Each word refers to aviation, and the number of blank spaces in each case indicates the number of missing letters in each word. When finished you will find the last letter you added to each word, combined, spell the name of a famous holiday.

1. What do we call a person who operates an aircraft?
— — l o t

2. What do we call the shelter for housing aircraft?
— — g a r

3. What is a form of aircraft similar to an airplane, but without a power plant?
— — — e r

4. What is the technical term for the structure of an airship, to which are attached the wings and tail unit?
— — — l a g e

5. What do we call an airplane designed to rise from and alight on either land or water?
— — h i b i a n

6. What do we call the instrument that measures the height at which an aircraft is flying?
a l — — — t e r

7. What is the technical term used that means "to incline an airplane laterally"?
h — — k

8. What do we call that part of the airship that controls the direction of the plane?
r u — — e r

9. What do we call that device on the airship whose function it is to lessen the pitching motion of the plane?
s t — — — — r

10. What are the men called that are necessary for landing and handling an airship on the ground?
g r — — d c r e w

11. What do we call the open spaces of a plane in which the pilot and passengers are accommodated?
— — k p i t

12. What do we call the liquid material applied to cloth surfaces of airplanes to increase strength and maintain airtightness?
d o —

13. What do we call a steep descent of an airplane, in which the speed is greater than the speed in horizontal flight?
— i v e

14. What is the term used that means "to run an airplane over the ground?"
— — x i

15. What is another name for a seaplane?
— — i n g h o a t

Food for Thought

What is Right □ and what is Wrong □?

Put a check where the checks belong:

- | | | |
|--|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Children need gallons of milk each day | R | W |
| 2. For grownups, a pint is enough they say | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 3. Vegetables cooked in your home are best | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 4. Children grow fine without sleep or rest | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 5. Potatoes are better without their peels | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 6. It's good to be nervous and mad at meals | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 7. Eggs and cheese help teeth grow strong | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 8. Soda in vegetables is all wrong | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 9. Liver is healthful for people to eat | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 10. Always start dinner with something sweet | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

What Is It?

It has a queue without a hair, a bee that can't fly anywhere, a sea without a wave or crest, and ease that cannot take a rest,

a yew without a twig to grow—and it's in Canada, you know.

Number Play

10derfoot K8ie was 6ty and w8y. No 1der the mount10 looked big! She stood and deb8ed all 2day, then st8ed: "I'll 4ge 2 the top or know why." Well, poor K8ie clambered 4 hours, as she stammered: "This mount10 towers miles above town. The 4cast is 'Colde!' I'll take 2 a boulder, and w8 4 some snow, and slide down!"

P-Square

P — — — P
— — — — P
— — — — P

The first word down (and first across) Means great display and show and gloss. The next across (and down, indeed) Makes music through a double reed. The third lives mostly underground, The last word takes a look around; And now that you are through, you see Why every corner has a P.

**A Puzzle**

This girl does not forget to feed her pets at regular time. Notice that she feeds the dog first. Dogs are usually restless while a cat is more patient.

The whole family is in the picture. Look around and you will find Grandmother, Father, Mother, Brother, and one more dog.

Hans Kreis

AS A MATTER OF FACT-

THE CURVATURE OF THE EARTH IS ABOUT 8 INCHES PER MILE

**A Hero Puzzle**

Bertha Reynolds Hudelson

Rearrange these words that describe an early American hero. Put the words labeled *I* in one list, the words labeled *II* in another list. When you have them in the right order, the first letter of each word, read downward, will spell the hero's first and last names.

Here's a hint: He was born the same year as Daniel Boone; he was a daring horseman and took part in the Boston Tea Party. After the Revolutionary War, he produced copper plating and copper spikes for ships—the first made in America.

- | | | | |
|----|---------------|----|-------------|
| I | Extraordinary | II | Respectable |
| I | Level-headed | I | Patriotic |
| II | Valiant | II | Resolute |
| I | Alert | I | Untiring |
| II | Eager | II | Bearish |

Riddle Me This*

Frances Chrystie

1. Why is a wise boy like a pin?
2. Why is it a mistake to wear a bedroom slipper?
3. Why is a blackbird on a fence like a penny?
4. Why is a king like a hat?
5. Why do potatoes grow better than other vegetables?
6. What is it that always carries its head downward?
7. This will catch a mouse or mole, but backwards, it's less than the whole.
8. This is a bug that's bitten me, but backwards, fresh air from the sea.
9. Why is an egg like a colt?
10. What is it that strikes you in the face but you cannot see it?
11. What has four legs but only one foot?
12. What is it that no one wants to have, but everyone wants to keep after they have it?
13. What table is very useful even without legs?
14. Why is a baseball team like a cake?
15. Why are pianos like good people?
16. What is very light but impossible to hold for very long?

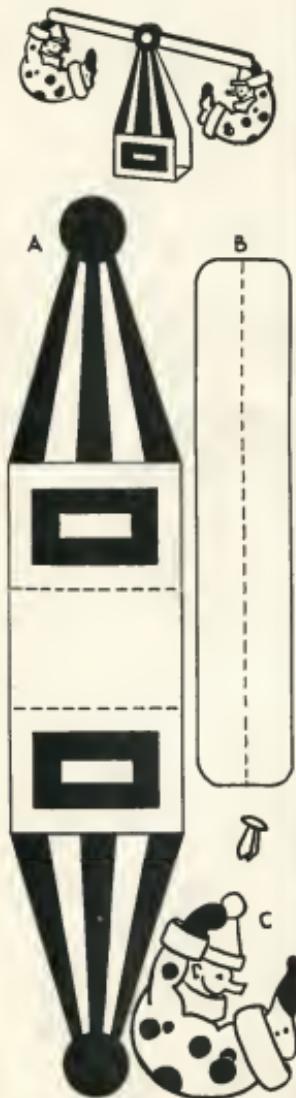
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Circus Teeter-Totter

Alma Reisberg

*Now he's up, now he's down,
That's the life of a circus clown!*

Cut pieces A and B and two like C from cardboard after the patterns shown here. Fold on the dotted lines. Color with crayons or poster paint. Glue the clowns at ends of B. Set the center of B between the ends of A and join with a paper fastener.



For Our Soldiers and Sailors

[continued from page 317]

the corners of the second pair of cardboards, inside facing. Cut blotting paper to fit and slip into corners as shown. Lace the two halves of the portfolio together. Initials can be cut and pasted on the outside.

FOR a cigarette case to fit a package, I cut very heavy wrapping paper six inches by two and five-eighths. Cut oilcloth seven inches by three and five-eighths. Point one end of each and paste together, turning over edges as Figure P. Cut paper three inches by two and five-eighths, oilcloth four by three and five-eighths and paste together. (Figure R). Cut two pieces of paper three inches by one and a half, and two oilcloth pieces four by two and a half. Paste together like Figures Q and S. Cut paper for bottom two and five-eighths by one and a half, and cut oilcloth three and five-eighths by two and a half. Paste together. Figure O. Punch holes around all edges, and below a one-and-a-fourth inch slash, cut two inches from the bottom of P. Paste oilcloth and paper together here, then lace.

Assemble case by first lacing all four sides together. See Figure T. Then lace on the bottom. Last, lace all around top edge. For long cigarettes, make correspondingly long case.

For a handy portfolio, punch three holes in the bottom of from four to six envelopes, size four by six, to six by nine inches. Reinforce holes with gummed cloth circles bought at the stationers. Figure U. Cut two cardboard covers half an inch larger than the envelopes. Lace all together. Figure V. Mark one envelope Snapshots, another, Clippings. Leave others unmarked. Put in snapshots of yourself and others, including pets. Include interesting clippings from the local paper. Later, send additional snapshots and clippings.

FOR your own fun have a Fourth of July picnic in the woods, or park, or in your own yard or porch. Include the whole family or just your friends. Run a potato race, with each contestant carrying a big potato on a spoon. Have a peanut race, making players roll unshelled peanuts along the ground. Try a three-legged race, run by couples two of whose legs are tied together. A sack race is fun, with a sack tied around both legs. Use big paper bags, since gunny sacks are now valuable. Have a girls' race, and a boys' race. Try broad jumps and high jumps. If it is hot, cool off by playing "I see something that begins with an S" (or other letter).

For eats, in addition to usual picnic fare, fix hot dogs with the ends cut off straight and "fuses" of shredded coconut stuck in to look like fire crackers. Serve with rolls. For dessert have blueberry pie with vanilla ice cream sprinkled with little red candies.

For the littlest ones who celebrate, make newspaper soldier hats. For a big hat use a whole double page and fold as in Figures 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5. For an overseas hat, use a single page.

Quiz and Puzzle Answers

(See pages 228, 230, 232 and 233)

QUIZ KIDS QUIZ: 1. No, hyperbole simply means exaggeration of speech. 2. They were all Spanish and were early American explorers. 3. Tasmania, Victoria, New South Wales, and Queensland. 4. South China Sea, Sulu Sea, Celebes Sea, and the Pacific. 5. Hanzi and Bangkok. 6. They are Ace airplane flyers in Burma. 7. They were both sunk before we entered war. 8. No, they are both types of songs. 9. They were playing checkers, and he had reached the king row. 10. O'Hare brought down Japanese planes and finally sank the Japanese battleship *Hornet*. 11. No horse can win it more than once. 12. Eleven. Formula: $x^2 - 121 = 0$. 13. Because both are meat. 14. Because of the change in temperature. 15. Card games: pinochle, bridge, and five hundred. 16. Sequoia is a tree.



PRESIDENTS: JAMES Madison, Monroe, Polk, Buchanan, and GARFIELD Jackson and Johnson; JOHN Adams, Quincy Adams, Tyler; WILLIAM Harrison, McKinley, and Taft.

WORD SQUARE: Ears, ears, rear, Barn.

AVIATION QUIZ: 1. pilot. 2. haNgar. 3. glider. 4. fusElage. 5. amphibian. 6. stabilizer. 7. baNk. 8. rudder. 9. stabilizer. 10. grounD crew. 11. cockpit. 12. dogE. 13. Dive. 14. Tax. 15. flyinG boat. The capitalized letters spell "Independence Day."

FOOD FOR THOUGHT: 1. Wrong. Children need a quart of milk a day. 2. Right. 3. Wrong. Modern vacuum canning methods preserve more vitamins than home canning or cooking. 4. Wrong. 5. Wrong. Cooking potatoes with their skins on holds in vitamins and minerals otherwise lost in the water. 6. Wrong. Upset nerves hinder digestion. 7. Right. Eggs and cheese contain the needed minerals, calcium and phosphorus, as well as vitamins. 8. Right. Adding soda to vegetables destroys vitamins. 9. Right. Liver is rich in minerals and vitamins. 10. Wrong. Any sweet taken should come at the end of the meal.

WHAT IS IT: Quebec.

NUMBER PLAY: The number-words are in order of appearance: Tenderfoot, Katie, sixty, weighty, wonder, mountain, debated, Tuesday, stated, force, to; Katie, for, moon-tain, forecast, on, wait, for.

F-SQUARE: Fomp, Oboe, Mole, Peep.

A HERO PUZZLE: Paul Revere.

RIDDLE ME THIS: 1. Because his head prevents him from going too far. 2. Because when you do you put your feet into it. 3. Because the head is on one side and the tail on the other. 4. Because they both have crowns. 5. Because they have eyes to see what they are doing. 6. A nail in your shoe. 7. Train (train). 8. Giant (giant). 9. Because it is not used until it is broken. 10. The wind. 11. A bed. 12. A bald head. 13. The multiplication table. 14. Because they both need a good hatter. 15. Because they are grand, upright, and square. 16. Your breath.

JUNIOR EDITOR PUZZLES:

ALPHABET QUIZ: 1. B (bee), 2. C (sea). 3. K (Kay), 4. Q (que), 5. T (tee).
"A" PUZZLE: 1. Sahara. 2. Panama. 3. Alabama. 4. Banana. **GEOGRAPHY QUIZ:** 1. New York City. 2. Michigan, Huron, Erie, Ontario, Superior. 3. Pennsylvania. 5. Cleveland, Cincinnati, Columbus.

Read Aloud

A page for you to read to
a younger brother or sister

The Story of Timothy Winks

H. M. SNYDER



THE nicest opossum
You ever did see
Was Timothy Winks,
Who lived in a tree.
His nice little nose was
As sharp as a pin,
And nice little whiskers
Grew out of his chin.

He always said "Thank you,"
He always said "Please"
To all of his neighbors
Who lived in the trees.
His home was a hole in
A high sycamore,
And two friendly branches
Hung over his door.

One night while returning
From town very late,
He lost all his money
While climbing a gate.
He hunted and hunted
And hunted around,
But one lonely penny
Was all that he found.

Said Timothy, "Gracious!
Just one tiny cent!
And Monday the landlord
Will come for the rent!
I'll have to earn money
As fast as I can
To take in some boarders
Would be the best plan!"

He wrote out a sign in
The blackest of inks:
"For good board and lodging
See Timothy Winks."
The very same day
That he hung out the sign
'Twas answered by grumpy
Old John Porcupine.

John's manners were shocking
Beyond all belief;
He never was seen with
A clean handkerchief.
He never said "Thank you,"
He never said "Please,"
He wasn't polite with
A cough or a sneeze.

And if you'll believe it,
He had a huge pack
Of horrid prickles
All over his back.
So Timothy Winks said
When John came to call,
"My rooms are all taken;
I've nothing at all."

But John only grunted,
"I'm here and I'll stay.
Now bring me my dinner;
I'm hungry today."
So Timothy brought from
A high pantry shelf
The very fine dinner
He'd cooked for himself.

John ate all the parsnips,
He ate all the gruel;
He ate all the salad,
So tasty and cool.
He ate all the pudding,
So piping and hot,
And now and then grumbled,
"What else have you got?"



He ate all the cookies,
He ate all the jam;
He ate and kept saying,
"How hungry I am."
And when he had finished,
He grunted and said,
"Now show me the way to
Your very best bed."

Now Timothy had for
His very own use,
A bed he'd been given
By old Granny Goose.
'Twas stuffed full of feathers,
So soft and so fine—
"This bed shall be my bed,"
Said John Porcupine.



He threw back the covers
And quickly jumped in;
He pulled all the blankets
Right up to his chin.
But goodness! His prickles
Stuck right through the tick,
And right through the mattress,
So puffy and thick.

He kicked and he wriggled,
Without any luck;
The harder he struggled
The tighter he stuck.
And soon he was rolled in
A tight little ball:
John Porcupine, covers,
And mattress, and all.

He rolled and kept rolling
Right out of the door,
And bump! from the top of
The high sycamore.
He rolled down the hill just
As quick as a flash,
And into the river
He tumbled ker-splash!

Now Timothy Winks in
The sycamore tree
Is happy as any
Opossum can be.
He found all his money,
And everyone thinks
There's nobody nicer
Than Timothy Winks.



Pictures by Constance Moran

Parents' and Teachers' Page

MUCH is being said about morale in wartime, and we all feel a deep concern about the generation of children who must spend these years—we do not know how many—under the shadow of war. "What can we do for them to keep life as wholesome and normal as possible?" is the question we hear on all sides. Some of us lived through the last war as adults. Others were children during the war years and so know keenly how it feels to be a child when a great war is going on. The happy realization that parents and teachers are handling the present problem wisely and with deep insight comes to us, not only in your own letters, for which we have been grateful, but in the hundreds of fine letters from boys and girls which we receive each month. If the homes and schools into which CHILD LIFE goes are typical of the country as a whole, then America need have no fear for her future citizens. We shall be proud if CHILD LIFE can add its small contribution to yours and help our young readers to keep their faith and courage high and to know that laughter and beauty and wonder are the rightful heritages of every age.



Several convictions come to us from the letters that we receive from our readers:

1. Most boys and girls are eager for responsibility. They want to feel that they are a part of their government and have a place in the scheme of things. The eagerness and self-sacrifice and hard responsible work that they are putting into their war duties make us realize what opportunities we have wasted in past years in not organizing our youth for peace-time duties. In order to touch reality we must work. In the future, can the fight for peace be made as dramatic and real as war? We hope so.

2. The boys and girls best oriented in the present are the ones whose parents or teachers are helping them to think of the future and plan and dream for the future. Can we, the older generation, admit frankly that this war is partially due to our own inertia or failure to think things through? We can, for many of you have done so. The responsibility for the future belongs to our children, and they must be wiser and braver than we were. They are not too young to know this and they are happier and better poised, knowing it.

3. Home is coming to mean more and more to children as the days pass. Fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, are working together, having fun together, facing life together. One little girl writes us from Hawaii: "Every night now when we put up our blackout curtains and turn down the lights, our family play quiet games all together. We have such fun!" War

We Serve the Hope of a Better World

"We must not forget that the blood and the tears will pass. In months or years the agony will be over, the dictators departed, and afterward will come the builders—these children. Make sure that they will build no democracy of phrases, make sure that at the price they have paid the ideals of freedom will be no politician's huckneyed brag."

"If we have slept for a hundred years, dreaming the American dream of material selfishness and greed, we are waking in a red dawn at least to begin to make a world where life will not be a losing fight against poverty and wage slavery for the many, nor a battle for unlimited power among the few, but where the good things of living, both spiritual and material, may be available to all who work and give, each of his best for the good of all. Nothing less can be democratic worthy of the name."

"If those of us who spend years among children's books—publishers, editors, librarians, authors, illustrators, teachers—doubt sometimes of what avail this shrill piping may be among the crashing of the nations, let me remember that we have this privilege above all others—that we strive to serve the hope of a better world, the children of democracy. And may God make us worthy of it!"

—JAMES DAUGHERTY in the *Horn Book*.

loses its terror if there are love and tenderness and understanding to combat it.



This July issue has many suggestions for home or neighborhood wartime activities.

The Victory Food Sale, including sugar-rationed recipes, on page 320, has been tried out and found to be easy to carry through. Honey, molasses, and dried fruits are coming into their own these days, and we are finding that sugar was not so necessary as we had thought.

The little gifts for friends and relatives at camp displayed on page 317 are easy to make and inexpensive, and if your home is one in which Christmas gifts start getting made in the summer, the suggestions may serve a double purpose.

An excellent article on page 315 tells

how to take care of any rubber things, such as shoes, boots, tires, garden hose, that your family may be wanting to cherish "for the duration."

An article on page 316 gives good advice for hiking parties—old clothes, sensible shoes, the right kind of posture. For hiking is coming into its own in these automobile times.

The Good Citizens' League which generally gives practical suggestions for community activities turned itself into a front-page editorial on patriotism this month, which is right and proper. But month by month its author is working out with a large group of children in the east the practical suggestions for wartime activities that she presents. In August she will feature the care of younger children in the home or neighborhood for which many older girls and boys are now taking responsibility, relieving their parents for war work.

Our picture spread features a number of wartime activities for children. We have heard too little of our northern Ally, Russia, where boys and girls, more mature and responsible after a long hard year of war, are serving the Allied cause heroically. Some unusual pictures of these children are included. There are patriotic poems, and the puzzles and "Things to Do" will all work into a Fourth of July party.

There are stories, too, along patriotic lines. "Freedom Comes Again," by Hubert Evans, follows the theme that work for your country is more important than parades and flag waving if a choice must be made. There is Chesley Kahmann's amusing story of the baseball team that takes up dog-washing as a desperate measure to raise the money for their war fund, when the holiday gate receipts fail. "The Goats of Gruyères," by Anne Milo Upjohn, features a boy in another age who served his village heroically, when the enemy threatened invasion.



Lens Barksdale, who writes the important juvenile forecasts for *Publishers' Weekly*, is very familiar with the book field, and her years as a librarian have brought her close to children's book interests. Her book page this month, and in August, is full of good suggestions for summer reading.

Our Good Neighbor policy has developed some excellent stories of South America, and Esther Greenacre Hall has written a number of them. "Just a Stone's Throw," a sequel to *Mario and His Chuna* (Random), tells a delightfully funny story of a small boy of Argentina and his pet bird.

There is plenty of fun in this issue with Benjamin Jones and Timothy Winks and a host of such features. On the contents page are the "Read Aloud" suggestions of stories that the whole family may like to hear.

Here's the Child Life Pet Contest

FUN FOR EVERYONE

All CHILD LIFE readers up to fifteen years of age may enter this contest

The October issue of CHILD LIFE is to be an all-pet issue, and our readers are to have an important part in it.

We are giving prizes for the best articles, photographs, drawings, or poems featuring any one of the following subjects:

*My Favorite Pet
How I Take Care of My Favorite Pet
Dogs Are Better Than Cats!
Cats Are Better Than Dogs!
Horses or Canaries or Goats
(featuring your favorite pet)
Are Best of All*

PRIZES

First Prize: \$3.00 in War Savings Stamps
Second Prize: \$2.00 in War Savings Stamps
10 Prizes of \$1.00 each in War Savings Stamps
and to all others whose contributions are published, attractive gift books.

The whole Junior Editors' department will be devoted to pets in October! Besides the prizes, Junior Editor Honor Award Pins will go to the winners and to all who send us interesting and unusual contributions, whether we can find room to print them or not.

Be sure to send letters also telling us what you like best in CHILD LIFE and what you want in future issues.

Send your contributions to the JUNIOR EDITORS' Department, CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill., before July 20, 1942. Write plainly on them your name, address, and age. Articles or poems must not exceed 200 words. For drawings use India ink on plain white paper. Clear shiny proofs of photographs are best.

No material can be returned. All work must be your own. Prizes and special awards will be mailed to winners not later than October 1.

Ask for a Pen—if you want a Pen and Pencil Club pin or a Hobby Club pin—depending upon what you are most interested in—ask for it when you write us. Ask also about rules for joining the Good Citizens' League. If you'd like, write direct to Nancy Crawford and Bill Russell, who are conducting the Junior Editors' department and are Junior Editors themselves. Address them care of the department. They are reading all the letters, but they'd like to get some letters of their own, too.

(See Junior Editors' department, pages 329, 330 and 331. See Good Citizens' League on page 290.)





FOR YOUR BABY'S SAKE *taste his food!*



MONEY-BACK OFFER—Sample any one of Heinz Strained Foods and the same variety of any other brand. If Heinz food does not taste better, simply mail both labels to us with your written criticism and you will receive from us the full price of the Heinz tin.



57 THESE TWO SEALS
MEAN PROTECTION
FOR YOUR BABY

*She's A Wise Mother Who Insists
On Checking The Flavor, Color And
Texture Of The Foods She Serves
Her Youngster!*

MAYBE you're one of those women who think all baby foods taste alike! We'd like to have you compare Heinz Strained Foods with any other brand you choose. Look at the fresh color of Heinz food—note the smooth, full-bodied texture—taste that tempting, wholesome flavor! Heinz 15 Strained Foods have the natural goodness of finest-grade fruits, vegetables, meats and cereals—scientifically cooked and vacuum-packed in enamel-lined tins. Vitamins and minerals are also retained in high degree.

Order a supply of these high-quality, ready-to-serve foods. See if your baby, too, doesn't decide they're delicious!

HEINZ BABY FOODS

BACKED BY A 73-YEAR QUALITY TRADITION

15 delicious, ready-to-serve Strained Foods vacuum-packed in protective enamel-lined tins; vitamins and minerals are retained in high degree

12 highly nutritive Junior Foods—unstrained and mildly seasoned—designed to bridge the gap between Strained Foods and family meals.

